I WAS SENTENCED TO HANG

TRUE STORY BEGINS ON PAGE 9

COVER BY WILLIAM WINTER
Rodeo at Three Hills, Alberta

The rivers of Canada:
THE SURPRISING RED

McKENZIE PORTER ON DOGS:
their new, high life

MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 13, 1960 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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Etobicoke: Its experiment points the way for pay-TV

FIVE MONTHS AGO, a newly formed company called Trans-Canada Telemeter launched in the western Toronto suburb of Etobicoke the continent's first real experiment in pay-as-you-watch TV.

Elsewhere, including Montreal and a number of towns in B.C., commercially operated services that pipe in distant programs and charge for them have been called pay television. But the Etobicoke experiment is the first test of commercial free first-class miscellany sent into a closed system of homes that pay for them show by show. Here's a report on how the experiment is working out, and what it portends.

Etobicoke is not a typical TV neighborhood. Nearly 98% of its homes already have sets and it is densely populated with prosperous families—two conditions that are important for successful pay TV. But it is within easy reach of the mainstream district of Toronto. And five channels, including all three major U.S. networks and the CBC, are available on regular TV. Trans-Canada Telemeter, a division of Famous Players, which is in turn an affiliate of Paramount Pictures, chose Etobicoke with the thought that if the experiment went well in the face of that competition it would go well anywhere.

So far, it is. Already 4,500 families have paid the $5 fee to have a magical radio-sized meter hooked up to their TV set. The meter adds three channels to the set. One, called Channel C, is fine. It carries news reports (by the Toronto Star), weather, sports and community-service programs, including a Red Cross blood drive, an appeal by the local cancer society, and various religious shows. Throughout the day the set plays hi-fi music and spot announcements of what's on the pay channels, A and B.

They carry mostly first-run movies—at about a dollar a show, though some top ones cost $2. Last month the program included such hits as The Nun's Story, Titanic, Tender Trap, Suddenly, Last Summer and The Mouse That Roared. All the stars in Jack Keppen's illustration on this page have been in Etobicoke's screens recently in first-run movies. Saint-Cyr and Sunday Times are 25-cent miniatures for children. People who have color TV sets can pick up technicolor movies—an technicolor. Pay TV earned the Johansson-Patterson fight in June.

Maclean's recently talked to a sample of the subscribers. Without exception they liked pay TV—largely because there are no commercials. Most were watching three movies a week at home—far more than they'd gone out to see before pay TV. They were pumping money into the box at $100 to $140 a year clip. One couple said they were going to move, but they wouldn't move out of Etobicoke because of the pay TV.

Trans-Canada Telemeter will likely move toward other Canadian cities. Negotiations are now being carried out to have the television boxes made in Canada — which would eliminate the 22½% duty TCT now pays, and cut its $100 capital outlay every time it installs a set.

— ROSEMARY GRAHAM



WHO THEY SEE ON THE HOME SCREEN

What will pay-TV do to the free kind? A critic's view

Maclean's asked Dennis Braithwaite, television critic of the Toronto Star, for the other side of the story—what will probably happen to TV with commercials. His comments:

THE PAY TV system now operating in Etobicoke with 4,500 subs has so far posed no real threat to regular free television in the Toronto area, which reaches 746,000 homes. But there are those who see the Etobicoke experiment as ominous.

Shortly after Telemeter went into operation Phillip F. Hurling, chairman of the Theatre Owners of America, joint convention on pay TV arrived in Toronto to warn of its potential dangers — to movie houses. Harling's group fears that the general acceptance of pay TV will put neighborhood movies out of business. By pressuring Congress and the Federal Communications Commission in the U.S. Harling's group has temporarily checkmated the development of coin TV systems in the States, though new experiments are pending.

Harling and others like him grimly foresee the day when pay TV interests, grown rich from the harvest of millions of coin boxes, will put all TV talent under exclusive contract and ultimately force the networks — and free TV — out of business.

When that black day comes, says Harling, we will all be paying, for our TV entertainment, and perhaps will have to take advertising along with it, putting its bank where we started.

Will it happen? Does pay TV mean the end of free TV? I don't think so, for several reasons.

- Television advertising has become an important part of our economy. If pay TV succeeds, the networks will rather improve their programs to regain their audience or simply play to fewer people.
- U.S. anti-trust laws would block any move by the networks and the pay TV interests to form a combine that could gradually convert free TV into pay TV and force viewers to pay for everything they watched.
- Free TV, following the precedent of radio, provides day-long and evening, (and sometimes round-the-clock) service. Pay TV, on the other hand, is limited to a few hours of evening programming, and even this is relatively expensive—two or three dollars an evening for families who watch everything.
- Telemeter's success in Etobicoke has been confined chiefly to upper income homes. Lower income families may not be able to afford the service.

Pay TV may gradually grow and prosper, but it will have to co-exist with rather than supplant, the present free system.

Next medical-insurance fight / Rented watchdogs / Comeback for TB?

WITH ITS BATTLE APPARENTLY LOST in Saskatchewan, organized medicine may soon be warring with organized labor over proposed doctors' strike. More and more Canadian unions are working to set up labor health centres — clinics where teams of salaried doctors would provide group care. The argument working its way in Montreal through its limited to 40 unions. But in Toronto 55 unions have set up an organizing committee. But it is in the fight over provincial medical insurance in Saskatchewan, it's likely the unions will have to face the doctors' objections all the way. In Sept. San Mateo, the medical profession took full page ads to argue against the Steelworkers' plan for a union clinic.

WOMEN'S COSMETIC ADS will be allowed to use a few flattering, if not disgustingly literal phrases — as up in the recent crackdown on dishonest ads by the food and drug directorate of the Department of National Health and Welfare. Ottawa directorate spokesman explains it: While the good old nothing-contains-nothing appeal can get away with more and more Canadian women are working or have professional husbands, they look for promises backed up by authentic results.

WANT TO RENT A WATCHDOG? It's the latest thing in burglar alarms. Vancouver businesses are paying $75 a month for the use of fully trained German shepherds. Entrepreneur Harry Christensen who trained the first patrol dogs for the city's police, says his dogs are worth two men each.

JUST WHAT IS A CANADIAN? A UBC sociologist who, tired of hearing Canadians defined in terms of the U.S. and Britain is launching a study to find out. Hes Bernard Blishen of UBC's Institute of Social and Economic Research, a former Dominion Bureau of Statistics officer. His studies on which he'll have the help of university colleagues in economics and political science, will be called the Canadian Identity Scale. Blishen expects the project to take five years.

TUBERCULOSIS now in seventh place among diseases that kill Canadians, may soon begin creeping up. Twenty years ago it was known. Then with widespread use of X-rays to detect it early and improved drugs to combat it it dropped. But now according to Dr. Welsh McDermott, editor of the American Review of Respiratory Diseases, some tubercle bacilli are growing resistant to the drugs. Dr. S.A. Holling of the Ontario Department of Health recently told a meeting in Ottawa that "a new attack must be made now."

THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND will be a good friend of Canada. Friedrich Traugott Wahlen, now vice president of the federal council, Wahlen, 61, was a Canadian civil servant in the 1920s and minor seed analyst of the Department of Agriculture in Ottawa 1922-27.

**Maurice Chevalier, Peter Sellers, James Stewart, Charlton Heston, Charles Laughton, David Niven, Jayne Mansfield, Yul Brynner.*

I sold my vote – twenty times

In the first participant's report on the long-suspected but unproved practice of ballot-stuffing, a Montreal journalist reconstructs her illegal role in Quebec's recent election

BY CATHIE BRESLIN

Copyright 1966 Maclean's Magazine

On Tuesday June 21 [illegible] provincial election an acquaintance [illegible] who lives on the fringes of the underworld telephoned me. He asked if I would like to make $25. It's simple, he said. "All you have to do is vote."

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for a journalist to participate in the workings of a ballot-stuffing, although from the inside I took it.

Before the election was over I had voted twenty times—nineteen times for the Union Nationale, who paid me to break the law, and once for the candidate of my choice.

This was my part in what the Montreal police described as a quiet election day—a day on which police and journalists [illegible] spotted [illegible] 71 ballot boxes were stolen from polling rooms, [illegible] cast paper workers went in hospital with injuries suffered in brawls, the police made 158 arrests, [illegible] and ransacked [illegible] rooms, and seized two revolvers, 12 hunting knives, [illegible] and pipe wrenches and 19 bandy[illegible] bats.

My role earned me $25 with which I bought a new dress and had my hair done. But it also gave me a look at the inner workings of Quebec politics. I'll never forget it.

At 7:30 in the morning, a red and white Pontiac Chevrolet pulled me up at my apartment. The driver was a scrawny man with a moustache. He told me his name was Raymond. "21 years old. At we drove toward the city's tough eastern section he grumbled that he'd had only three hours sleep in the past two days. Hard work, his *elections*, he said.

I had been assigned to Laurier-Dorion, a rundown northeast Montreal district that a project named Antoine Gagné had narrowly by 7,000 votes for the Union Nationale in 1966. This time his main opponent was René Levesque, a CBC commentator and first-time Liberal candidate.

We parked a few blocks off St. Lawrence Boulevard. I followed the driver-mechanic down an alley behind Dante Street. He knocked on a blank door and replied.

Larry, whom I'd not met, asked who was there.

The door opened and I was led down three steps into a concrete block lined basement room.

At two tables pushed together, a handsome, dark-haired young man in a flaming red shirt was talking. I gathered he was going over the final points of how to rig an election. On one side of him sat a man with black hair trimmed into a brush cut wearing horn-rimmed glasses. He looked like a sociology professor. On Red Shirt's left sat a heavy, pot-bellied man with tight curly hair. Behind this group a door opened into another room where I could see several men in shirtsleeves. One of them, to his underchin, was lounging against the door jamb. He wore a revolver in a belt holster.

Across the table from Red Shirt was his pilot." I mounted fifteen [illegible] three [illegible]. I found my attention on the teamster and his lesson.

When a Quebec voter goes to the polling station he takes with him a white slip mailed an announcement paper which has been delivered in his house. On it is written his name, address, age and occupation. He gives this slip to the deputy returning officer. The DRO initials a ballot and gives it to the voter. The voter goes behind a screen and marks his ballot. Then he gives his marked ballot to the DRO who drops it into the box.

When the young red shirted man was telling us was how to impersonate legitimate voters—a practice known as telegraphing in Montreal politics—and how, when we had done this, to stuff five marked ballots into the box at once.

Those Union Nationale workers would give [illegible] envelopes slips. Then, with a way to hand the slip to the DRO—who would [illegible] a U.N. appointee—so he would know we were telegraphers." Have your left fingers on top and your thumb underneath. Red Shirt said. Don't give it to the guy let him take it out of your hand. You've got your name and that stuff memorized off the sheet but they probably won't ask. They'll hand you a ballot.

Go behind the screen and mark an X in the *first* square. [At no time in that room did anyone mention the name of the candidate or the party.] Then, keep the five ballots we give you here inside, the one you put there. It has a black stripe on it. Fold it so the black stripe shows."

Red Shirt showed us how to fold the package right so the five ballots would go into the box. Although he was now off the youngest men there and his voice was already growing hoarse, Red Shirt demonstrated the routine. Do you didn't look at him. It was didn't follow his instructions properly. I realized the chances were that we would be arrested.

Suddenly the pot-bellied man barked. "I can double-time it. We'll know in two minutes. You won't get paid you won't get ride fare you won't even get a bus ticket. You'll walk home."

We practiced folding and presenting the ballots for a couple of minutes. Then the door filed out through a [illegible] paneled door. A man's name filled in as an [illegible].

In the front room where we stood now there were about sixty telegraphers. I remained right women's most of them had looking women in their early thirties. They wore T-girls and strapless linen a nightdress. I was told later. About half the room looked like men's hen of any crowd. The others seemed to be recruits from Bophinses.

Separated from the telegraphers" was a group of about fifty five men. Most of them were women, the tinted longhs. Tiny cannot in assorted types, young old for why. Most had ominous bulges in their pockets. Later I was told that among this group—and difficult to separate from it—were the Quebec provincial policeman assigned to this riding. They wore [illegible] clothes but each of them named a badge identifying him as a provincial police officer and a gun.

I spoke to a small, pretty girl in a voluminous black dress. She told me her name was Donna and that she was a stripper. Most of the goons she explained name from a downtown nightclub, one of Montreal's toughest. It had been assigned by the UN to supply manpower to Laurier riding.

The girls got a good rate on protection if they cooperate. Donna said. "And then guys get eighty bucks each for helping out. Voters get twenty-five drivers fifty and the guys in the polls who take the biggest chances get plenty—maybe three hundred and a bonus when the party wins. It hadn't occurred to anybody yet that the party could lose.

At [illegible] o'clock a skinny man in a brown suit beckoned me into the bank room. Red Shirt glanced up and nodded. "She'll do," he said. He pushed one of the white slips toward me. "Young Bertha Thorsteen, 35 a waitress. You got that?" I repeated the name. "Okay," said Red Shirt. He gave me four ballots, already rounded with the deputy returning officer's initials and with an X opposite Union Nationale candidate Antoine Gagné's name. "Now this is your husband Frederick, 40, a driver. He pulled to a shanky man with wavy blond hair. "You go in together — a married couple looks good. Don't worry it'll be my boy taking the vote and anyway you'll have a cop with you." He shouted to the man in charge of his undershirt still lounging on the doorjamb. "Frank, gimme a provincial and a driver."

The form of a young noodlescrapt driving a very large policeman in a blue tweed suit. Frederick and I—driven to six blocks to a poll.

It was in a ground floor apartment on St. Dominique near Jean Talon Street. Around a makeshift four-man deputy returning officer, poll clerk, UN representative and Liberal scrutineer. The Liberal scrutineer was a woman. As I waited in line I made a notice on the wall that set out the penalties for violating the Election Act. I counted eleven offenses I was committing—from impersonating a voter to accepting money for my vote. Concerned all eleven. I could have gone to jail for twenty-two years.

A housewife ahead of me in a voting booth was taking an oath on the Bible. If one of the scrutineers challenges a voter the voter must swear to his identity. My "husband" whispered nervously to me. Don't sweat on the Bible whatever you do. Just walk out as tell them you're not a Catholic." It was given the same advice about the Bible later in the day.)

"Whose your husband was for me," my husband nominated. "But if I have any trouble make a run for it."

Then it was my turn. I held out my crossed on paper, gripping it so firmly that the DRO could scarcely pull it from my fingers. "Okay, okay, you made it," muttered nervously.

No questions were asked no Bibles were presented. The workers read my name from the slip (I memorized [illegible] unnecessarily) and checked it off on their list.

The DRO counted my ballot and gave it to me. I went behind a yellow flowered screen to fill it in.

I had to open my purse to slip out the four extra ballots. Since the slips of my partner contain a long cause in closing. I walked back with it hanging open a dead giveaway to any observant onlookers woman. I thought, but the Liberal scrutineer did not notice.

I had folded my ballots so hastily that the DRO had trouble pushing them into the box. When he finally did I went out to the hall to wait for my "husband" to [illegible] [illegible] privilege those were strolling around the corner in the waiting room.

The party-aided cop beamed at me. "No trouble," he asked. "Lots of fun, eh?

At headquarters I reported to Red Shirt. "Everything went fine." I added surprised. "They were all fixed."

"Sure," he smiled at me proudly. "I told you they're our boys." He glanced up the door to the back alley and bellowed. "Ray, we got to have protection in that alley. Put two of your biggest boys out there and tell them to knock three times if they want to let somebody in."

Ray, a portly man who looked as distinguished as a Montreal alley counselor, hustled past to do the job. He leaned over to me and confided. "We got to watch for the stool pigeons, you know. Inside the door he posted an ancient goon, jockey-small and perilously devoid of any expression, who helped a blackjack nervously up and down inside his blue serge suit.

Through the morning, I waited in the back room. There was a constant traffic of goons going to vote. Then about ten Frank burst in from the adjoining room. I just got the word," he barked. "Number 219 is a free poll!

"Good!" Red Shirt grabbed a stack of enumeration papers and shuffled them jubilantly like a lucky deck of cards. "We'll send everybody over—we'll pack them in, Frank! Gimme a couple of provincials for 219."

In a lull I asked him, "What's free poll?

One guys just got together and tossed out the poll clerk," he explained. "Him, honey, you go over too. You'll be Salvatore Colmaldi, 24, a pressman. Just in case if they give you any trouble and we'll go in and break a couple of fingers."

Four voters were jammed into the back seat this time, and on a driver whisked us off in nearby Poll 219. These guys ran have a wonderful time today. A slightly jaded nightclub bouncer remarked. One prisoner from the provincial police, a young redhead with a contagious innocent grin, cheerfully agreed.

There was a delay outside the poll. I asked one of the half dozen men I recognized from the back room what was holding us up. One solemn Liberal is filled up about the poll clerk," he charged. Nothing to bother about. Our provincial strolled in to straighten things out and gave me a wink.

A few minutes later I was standing before the poll clerk's empty chair. A pretty girl, the DRO reached over and took my slip. Apparently not noticing that Salvatore [illegible] a man's name, she passed me a ballot.

This time I had taken advice from Donna and slipped the extra ballots into my bra instead of my purse. There was no trouble.

As I marked my ballot I noticed for the first time that there were two Union Nationale candidates. One, the Liberal candidate was listed as a journalist. The other was listed as an artist. That is a time-tested device of Quebec elections. It is intended to split the opposition's vote by confusion. In the riding next to Laurier, the Union Nationale candidate was a Montreal lawyer named Fleet. Michigan. With pride he said he was not a hireling of the Union Nationale, but that I got my own business."

For 217 he insisted to practise his business in person. "When I got a badge?" he said. "Somebody gimme a badge. One of the provincials tossed over a small leather wallet and Red Shirt flipped it into his pocket with a boyish grin. Come on, girls." He picked out three of us.

The poll was only a block away and as we walked down Red Shirt explained that the DRO was fired at this station and that he was on Red Shirt's personal payroll. "We won't have any trouble. I'll just stand in the doorway." He motioned me in first. "God," he said. "I'd like to smash a hundred of them in myself."

The young man in the bomber jacket box glanced up, saw Red Shirt glowering behind him and seemed to find nothing remarkable in the fact that I was a 24-year-old housewife named Claudette Picard. A woman scrutineer frowned and asked who Red Shirt was.

Provincial" growled Red Shirt. "That's right, he's a provincial." Indeed the DRO. Behind the screen I took a chance and crammed my ballot for René Levesque, journalist.

"Now we're really gonna stuff the boxes," confided Red Shirt on the way back. Up to seven we're pollin' and just do five at a time. After 12 we take 15 of our boys around the polls, stakin two or three outside, walk in and make our votes."

"But don't the officials yell about it?" I asked.

"Sure, but once our votes are in the box they can't tell them from the legal ballots and they have to count them all. If things start to look in 11 o'clock we find out the box back in and take the beating."

With the late supplied by Red Shirt, the cab went home. Three hours later I reported to the town—a nightclub where we were paid. I'll not important to mention here as I am not trying to fix the full names and identity of some of my fellow election workers, simply to protect my own safety.

A husky bouncer took me to a rear office where an enormously fat man and three flunkies presided over a pile of bills. "How many votes did you make?" the fat man asked and grunted satisfaction with my total. He counted two more fives and a new five-dollar bill into my hand.

I went back to my apartment to wait for the election results. As they rolled in I discovered I had seen only part of what had happened. In addition to the violence and injury I mentioned at the beginning of this report I learned that at 1:10 p.m.—scarcely an hour after I had left the dim bank alley headquarters on Dante Street—city police prodded by Liberal candidate René Levesque had raided the premises. They picked up two cars' several hundred dollars in bills, scores of illegal ballots—and Inspector Frank De Lave of the Quebec Liquor Board. De Lave was told later was the armed man I had seen lounging in the doorway ordering up provincial policemen for Red Shirt.

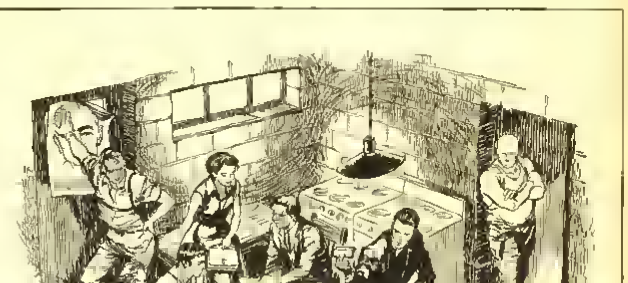
Quebec Provincial Police Director Hilaire Beauregard (who resigned two weeks later for reasons of health) explained that De Lave was only working as a clerk for the committee room and had arrested the young man for election irregularities. "He was waiting for help from QPP headquarters to transport the suspects down town when my police arrested the group to the room the director said.

De Lave was not held.

In spite of 910 ballots counted for the red haired René Levesque whom the Liberals could never find the journalist René Levesque was elected—by 137 ballots. He got 14,015 votes including my own. Dr. Arsène Gagné got 13,878 including my nineteen. The fourth candidate an Independent got 483.

How could the Liberals win in spite of the tactics I observed? Frankly I don't know. But I asked Red Shirt that afternoon. This was his answer.

"Well, they got three boys out too. In this business, you always gotta make sure the fix is in. ★



"In the basement room off Montreal's Dante Street, I perched on a table and watched the man I called Red Shirt. Flanked by two of his co-workers, he was showing us how to get five ballots into the box at once. Later, I learned that the armed man lounging in the doorway, who summoned up provincial policemen for Red Shirt, was a Quebec liquor inspector."

BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

Choosing a leader isn't the new party's only problem

AT THE REGINA CONVENTION that opened the grand old CCF party will perform the final rites preparatory to wedding it to the Canadian Labor Congress. Out of the marriage, following a nine-month gestation period, will be born a new national Canadian political party in the autumn of this year.

As the new yet unnamed movement finally passes out of the talking and theorizing stage, certain political realities — startling ones, all rated FCI'ers — may cause many gentlemen, who, at one bold stroke, are about to make the most dedicated of the voter all Diefenbaker Liberals and other basically undecided persons.

The opposition to such plans will rally. Roughly one million Canadians all voting right five on Trans-Canada Liberal numbers that a million and a half. The whole plan for the self-destruction of about half a million CCF supporters actually give the new party a theoretical minimum of four million votes.

Properly distributed, four million votes in a certain of national support to guarantee the resumption of power in Ottawa. John Diefenbaker became prime minister in 1957 with only 2,578,045 ballots.

But not even the most dedicated of the new party newspapers hopes to garner anything like four million votes in the next general election. All the groups the new party is now setting, could have united in the CCF in past federal elections. But they didn't. The CCF has never received more than 82,661 votes. Even the 1945 general election — and his record no more than thirty-four MPs.

One reason for the downward revision of the new party's planners is that it was conceived three years ago in the premature hope that the Liberal party was dead and that an alternate opposition force must be made available to Canadian voters. Since then the Liberals have won in Quebec and New Brunswick, while in the five most recent provincial elections held east of Ontario the CCF has managed to emit only a single candidate in Nova Scotia.

Successful political movements in Canada have in the past always grown within or the result of magnetic leadership rallying many discordant or by the uniting into organized form of popular frustrations in making government. Instead of such a natural evolution the new party has been trying to whip up enthusiasm by rolling up a record of nominations secure charged with romancing, upward for leadership, others nominations, downward for membership.

The new party is designed to minimize all of the conflict in policy where almost no clues on that exist.

The CCF draw most of its strength from the political extremists that swept the west in the Thirties. Despite some tactical splendours by the new party, demands them to be an equally dynamic movement to get it going it will be project against the Liberals at the next election.

This plan couldn't be drawn up at the Liberal Candidates Training Course without exception. Everywhere in the past months, Conservatives with the new party's prominent.

The Toronto Joint Executive Union strikers tend to hit the Party forever. Many leaders had their rank and file leaders with them up in the United Auto Workers' official efforts to fight tariffs against Japan, an expansion of the Commonwealth agreement and a second Liberal administration.

But the Liberals are dominating the Opinion Opposition. Time, what Japan is and second Liberal administration wants to control immigration in the future, will create people in their domestic food consumption.

[illegible] view will be [illegible] important [illegible] for M. J. Coldwell who has led the CCF [illegible]. There has been great promise from labor [illegible] the leadership choice until next spring. Including a number of the new party but CCF strategists are determined to put on the leadership question before the party publicly. I will indeed certainly head the party ticket as combined with labor.

The CCF's best vote-getter is Tommy Douglas, premier of Saskatchewan since 1944 and the only CCF politician ever to run a government. This is assuming pressure to nominate Douglas for the leadership but he has written privately to friends that he'll refuse a draft of any description.

Autumn, he explains, Douglas as the party's second-in-command leadership candidate is Stanley Knowles, the famous deputy House leader of the CCF remembered for the skilful procedural interference of the pipeline debate. After his 1958 defeat at the polls the CCF wanted Knowles as national organizer but candidly ment his salary requirements. He became instead national vice-president of the Canadian Labor Congress at $13,000 a year. He has been the main organizer behind the new party but his name did not be weakened by his intimate union ties.

Knowles is an opposition will come from David Lewis, a Toronto lawyer who for the past two decades or national secretary or national chairman of the CCF has been the party's economic guru. What he was trying, but a Rhodes scholarship in 1932. Lewis told the board taking his oral examination that his ambition was to head a Canadian socialist government. Sir Edward Beatty, president of the CPR and a member of the Rhodes board, asked him: "What would he years first out in power?" Lewis snapped back: "To nationalize the CPR."

He won the scholarship and became president of the Oxford Union — an astounding feat for a Polish immigrant to Canada who spoke no English until he was twelve. Lewis has solid backing from the CCF's dominant wing, but his position is considerably weakened by his intimate association with the many Jewish unions. His is what Ingle advises to Hal Banks, Seafarers International Union and to Jimmy Hoffa's Canadian Teamsters.

Running with [illegible] as the Liberal leadership candidate is Hazen Argue, the CCF House leader. Only thirty-nine [illegible] Argue's effervescence in the Commons has brought [illegible] with an affluent [illegible] in the Assiniboia constituency in the heart of Saskatchewan. He is particularly unbalanced with Diefenbaker. He is probably the safest CCF seat in the country.

One of the new leader's first decisions will be whether or not to name for his party Suggestion that have come into CCF headquarters at Ottawa include the Social Democratic Party, the Social Republican Party, the Party of the Common Man and the Social Democratic Order of Canadian Citizens. The new party should definitely carry on the mission of the CCF —the movement that has given expression to the democratic socialist philosophy since 1932. says Bert Herridge, the deputy CCF House leader, whose clash with Tory members have caused him a reputation as the wittiest man in the Commons.

The Liberal wing of the new party is opposed to retaining the CCF label. Even Saskatchewan, the CCF has already decided to keep the CCF name for both provincial and federal purposes, and in British Columbia CCF leader Bob Strachan has said he'll fight the provincial election this fall on a straight CCF ti

The new party strategists who are determined to kill off the CCF forget that with all its faults it has been the most successful protest movement in Canadian history. I formed the government of one province, the opposition of three others, and under T. C. Douglas, Woodsworth and Coldwell, injected a stream of ideas into Canadian politics. It has given a milestone far beyond its numerical power. Even now, when its federal representation has been reduced to eight, the CCF has fielded such outstanding men as Douglas Fisher, the best-read history teacher from Port Arthur, who has become the best backbencher in the entire parliament.

Many of the socialists now sitting in the House of Commons intend to contest their seats in the next federal election as straight CCFers, regardless of the new party's insistence. Fisher, the group's unofficial mind in mind, said recently: "The CCF is united perhaps too much so to adequately. But damned if it's ready to die. ★



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Editorial Assistants: Valerie Gashoe, Lois Harribance, Shirley Molin, Jill Stoddart, Jean Weatherstone, Barbara West

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THE COVER

Artist William Winton on assignment for Maclean's, passed through Three Hills, central Alberta small town where the Lunn's live. Naturally he stayed and later asked: "Wouldn't it be swell to be 14 again and have no hours on the big Lunn day!"

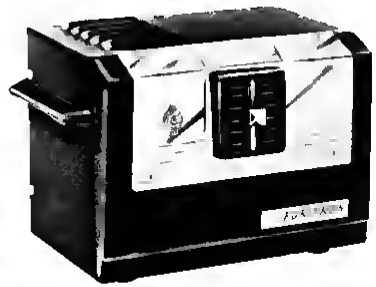
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[illegible] on Lunn left to right, top to bottom: [illegible] 2, 12, 15, Ted [illegible] 14, [illegible] 16 Hank Lunn 21 Jack V. Long [illegible] 28, [illegible]



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For the sake of argument



JACK PATERSON SAYS

Let's stamp out all this correct pronunciation

Here's a villigent defense of words with some vite to them

THEY WERE TELLING about this old man sitting on the steps of a small town post office when a tourist drove up and asked the old man if he knew where the post office was. The old man took a sly look over his shoulder and said: "I wish I had as much money as I know where the post office is."

Scholars in our group criticized the old man. Something had been left dangling, they claimed. I said and still say, let it dangle. The old man wanted a thought. Anyone half bright would get his meaning. What really matters is the sense of the thing.

It's the same with words. A sentence is mostly words, some good, some better. Take athlete. For a tennis player or a four-minute mile athlete may do. In football, hockey or fights where would an athlete end up? In hospital. For really rugged contests you need athletes. Strong, hairy, real gain-getting beasts that've got the public behind them. At an athletic club they're flabby to sit around, pinky volleyball or drink. Athletics are crowded, smelly, noisy and gripped the sports world. People in the know — about mighty pennent — prefer athletes and athletics, especially if it's their own money they're betting.

Who wants a caw-lly?

Take collie dogs. Some say cawlly, others noa lly. Can you imagine a real boy wanting a cawlly with ribbons next its tabues ing? A smart alec farm kid picks a coally corn that jumps barks, chases rats and gets loaded with burs. If he's a really smart kid he'll look for a coa lly Labbedor cross.

I have a friend who speaks of someone lurching in the shadows. The word he gropes for is lurking as anyone knows — anyone who hasn't looked it up that is. Webster is a high flavor ban because he allows almost everything defines lurking: "To stay about a place furtively." A few lines earlier he allows the same for lurching. But my friend hasn't learned this from Webster. He was simply improving speech by using one word while meaning another.

Few people know the difference between aluminum (Br.) and aluminum (U.S.). It's pretty obvious, if you think it through, that water will boil much quickly in the latter.

Education deprives us of many strong words. Take valiant. Whan and how they got it swizzled from villigent I don't know, probably when I was away at the war. Villigent is a weak, sexless sort of word. But look at villigent — double barreled, uprightly aloof of good balance and obviously masculine.

Raccoon is a word they've ruined. It still applies to crows. When it was racoons it covered both crows and ravens, and that voices ruined further, which is farther than farther. A thing can be ruinously stupendous, when with the addition of that same one small letter it becomes totally big, stupend nous.

The old term ludicrous was a sad loss. Now they say hey nus pale stuff. These keen tons crimes of old were the ones. There still are good crimes. There also would be a good word to describe them if they'd stop muddling with our tried and true pronunciations.

There's still trouble with idiomatic—idom ayte. If you're eating lunch to kill time a term-wise hollowed and filled with whopped nuts, jelly and whipped cream is fine. For a real mind you need term aytoes. Thank just aren't the number of vitamins to a tom-ayto and not as strong ones. Especially if they're called vit amins. Who wants to lunkin a full day's toil on vit-amins? Give a man a good helpful of vite-umins, something with some real vim to it.

Let's strengthen our speech. This is a modest start. The only words I know are those in Webster.

For a person who has a really big vocabulary the possibilities are tremendous. ★

MR. PATERSON, A FORMER EDITOR, IS AN INVESTMENT COUNSELOR.

U.S. REPORT

BY IAN SCLANDERS



Scientist Linus Pauling (right) is a prime target of Red probes.

The new Red-hunters: they've changed, but not much

WASHINGTON — Why is the U.S. Senate subcommittee on internal security trying to discredit Linus Pauling for a petition he presented to the United Nations in January 1958?

The petition signed by 9,200 of Pauling's fellow scientists pleaded for a ban on nuclear tests to prevent radioactive fallout from dooming mankind to a tragic increase in cancer, leukemia and congenital defects. In August 1958 President Eisenhower ordered that nuclear tests be suspended. Tacitly acknowledging the wisdom of the course Pauling urged and making this the official policy of the United States.

Why then, two and a half years after banding his petition to the United Nations and two years after Eisenhower's order has Pauling been called before the Communist-hunting subcommittee and threatened with imprisonment for contempt of the Senate if he refuses to unveil the names of those who helped him obtain the nine thousand signatures? The question is so controversial that it has lately been turning up the sound volume of many a Washington conversation. Dilettante people offer vastly different answers.

One simple, unprovable but widely accepted theory is that the subcommittee's members felt it might be politically useful in this election year if they focused their attention on a big name. Pauling, a gamesmike Californite, charmed who has won a Nobel prize, a Presidential Medal for Merit — from Harry Truman — and intl membership in the Soviet Academy of Sciences not only qualified as a big name but having been honored by the U.S.S.R., looked like an easy target.

Tests for "peaceful bombs"

Another widely accepted theory less simple and more improvable than the first, is that the subcommittee is merely assisting the Pentagon generals and the Atomic Energy Commission. According to this version, the generals want small atomic weapons suitable for limited military actions and the AEC is determined to resume atmospheric tests by late summer or early fall to speed the development of such weapons. (AEC chairman John McCone has announced that manned holes have already been dug for underground tests which he claims would be for peaceful purposes and virtually without fallout. Where does the subcommittee fit in this theory? It's supposed by interrogating Pauling and suggesting that all opposition to nuclear tests is inspired by Russia to be discrediting those who have emphasized the perils of fallout and smearing other scientists who might be tempted to do so in the future, but who can't afford to jeopardize their careers by being labeled as Reds.

What does the subcommittee itself say? I spent an hour and a half with one of its top counsels yesterday afternoon. Spokesman Robert McManus. A white haired, grandfatherly man. CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



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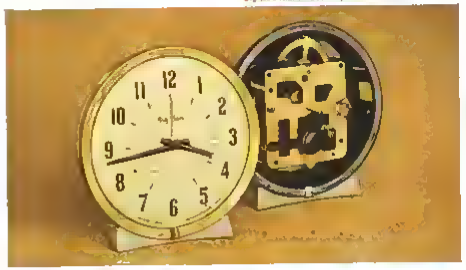
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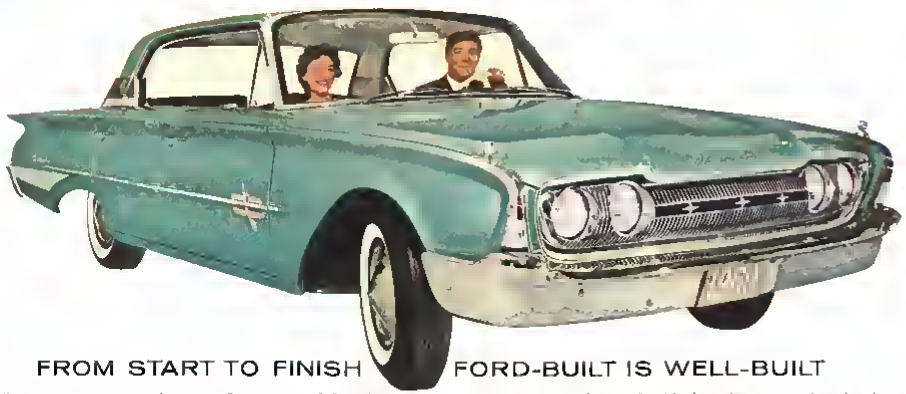
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I WAS SENTENCED TO HANG

As told to Maclean's associate editor

SIDNEY KATZ

At 17 the author murdered a prison guard. His death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment; he served 15 years in a federal penitentiary. Today he is a free and respected man, practising a surprising profession. In this article he has held back no detail of his crime, his trial, his life as a convict, or his knowledge of criminals. The only unrecorded facts are his name and his present whereabouts

WAS I TO LIVE OR DIE? Within a few hours I would know the answer. As the jury filed out of the courtroom in the little Saskatchewan town late that September afternoon I closed my eyes and prayed.

Please, please. Let them have a God-like quality so that they'll understand me. I'm not as bad as the prosecutor tried to make me seem. Make me out to be young, the past three days. It's true that I killed a man, but I'm no murderer. I didn't intend to kill him. Please, please, help them understand.

Yet as I sat waiting, beside my lawyer, I knew it was unlikely that my prayer would be granted. I had attempted unsuccessfully to escape from the nearby provincial jail where I was serving a sentence for theft. As part of the plan I had hit a fifty-five-year-old guard over the head with a wooden club and knocked him senseless. Two minutes later he was back on his feet and running for help. I had no personal CONTINUED OVERLEAF

"I went after him. I was seventeen and much stronger than I knew"

Convicted of boyish thrill in 1936, the author was sentenced to a year in a Saskatchewan prison. He made two escape attempts. The first failed. The second turned out with a break-and-enter thief named Barnes on June 12 [illegible] that year, depended on overcoming two guards and locking them in the cells. The author describes what followed. I slugged my guard. He moaned. I hit him again with my club. The blow crushed his skull. He was groaning, and I realized he would [illegible]. A life and manhood

feelings of hatred for this man, but he was threatening the success of a carefully-worked out escape plan. Club in hand, I pursued him and an intentionally brushed his skull with a well-aimed blow. I was seventeen and much stronger than I knew. Throughout the trial, I could feel the hostility of the jurors and spectators, all local people. They were saying quite clearly, "We knew this kindly man who lived among us for so long. We know the sorrow of his widow and children. Now you must pay."

The jury returned an hour later. My next recollections are telescoped into a series of incidents and impressions. The ominous word: Guilty. A few minutes later, the death sentence: "*You shall be taken to the place from whence you came and there kept in close confinement until the 11th day of January 1937 when you shall be taken to the place of execution and there hanged by the neck until you are dead and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.*" I sat stunned. Each of us believes in a special kind of magic that will prevent anything terrible from happening to us, no matter what can happen to the next person. How could this be happening to me?

The courtroom was silent except for a few muffled whispers and the shuffling of feet. The judge, jurors and spectators departed. My lawyer lingered for a moment to give me a pat on the back and make a few encouraging remarks about an appeal to a higher court. I looked around and realized that I was now alone, except for the policemen on either side of me. I buried my head in my arms and wept. During my seventeen years, I'd had to meet practically every crisis alone. There was nobody to talk to, nobody to turn to, nobody to receive comfort from. My whole life had been shaped, warped and haunted by a feeling of being alone.

The death cell in Regina [illegible] contained four square of cement enclosed by steel bars. There were constant reminders of the time that awaited me in twelve weeks. Through my small window I could see a section of the scaffold. On the way to my weekly bath, I passed a green door. It led to the courtyard where the gallows stood. I learned to look the other way as I passed. Directly in front of my cell was a table where the death watch sat, keeping me under surveillance twenty-four hours a day. Just I attempt to cheat the gallows by suicide. One day I was visited by a solemn-looking man who felt my shoulders and thighs and asked, "How much do you weigh?" Later, I realized this was the hangman arranging the technical details of his grisly job. I constantly asked myself, "Can I go like a man?" I was afraid I might crack and have to be dragged to the scaffold.

I slept very little. I reviewed my life, but in a special way. I screened out all the unpleasant things, dwelling on only the happy incidents. They were, painfully few. I recall arriving at the only happy foster home I was to live in, when I was three. The door opened, my foster mother picked me up, put me down and then offered me a plate of peanut-butter cookies. I recall the girl friend I had when I was eleven; she was an orphan too. We would sit together for hours, seldom talking, yet somehow comforted and completed by each other's company. All of the pleasant moments I could pluck from the past communed the kindliness of people, not physical pleasures or material gifts.

Strangely, and surprisingly, living in the shadow of death, I recovered my ability to establish a warm contact with another human being. Not since the days when I lived in my happy foster home had I shared my feelings with others. This rebirth was due to Phil Davis, a middle-aged man who was one of the guards on the death watch. Davis was an educated, sensitive, intelligent person who had traveled widely as a geologist. I found myself talking to him by the hour, pouring out all my fears, frustrations and hates, looking at myself unafraid. With his help, I began to understand myself. Who was I? What kind of person was I? By what circuitous and haphazard route had I traveled? CONTINUED ON PAGE 40





Purebred dogs like this Afghan with Pedro are multiplying faster than mutts in Canada: they've become the basis of a $20,000,000-a-year industry



Their owners use them as badges of class: unusual breeds for the well-to-do: strains bred in puppy factories for the fad-followers: New star: the beagle

McKenzie Porter on

DOGS: their new, high life

A frank and sometimes funny report on modern purebred dogs and the status-seeking people who own them, dress them in mink, and send them to a canine psychiatrist when pampering gets them down

PHOTOGRAPH BY TED GRANT

IT ALL BEGAN on the day some ape-like man carried into his cave an orphaned wolf cub and hit upon the wheeze of bringing it up as a household guard. Neighbors hopped his example, or varied it by minting sentinels of tamed jackals, coyotes, foxes and other now-extant species of the genus *Canidae*. Eventually these disparate domestic vigilantes interbred and begat the most diversified quadruped in the zoological catalogue — that ubiquitous object of kicks and cuddles, *Canis familiaris*, the dog.

For eons the dog was a watchdog, a hunting aide or a beast of burden. But today man's earliest slave is reversing the kitten in its name and becoming man's newest household god.

As country humpkins move into urban apartments and city slickers drift to the suburbs, the dog finds itself confined more and more to the balcony or rear back yard. In this environment it is taking its place among patios, barbecues and outdoor furniture as a status symbol. Canadians now buy far more packaged, pasteurized and flavor-enhanced dog foods than they buy baby foods.

Although dogs have been outnumbered in recent years by caged birds — particularly by the budgerigar — they have gained in social distinction. The compilers of a recent market survey in the United Kingdom contended that "the dog is much more markedly a middle and upper-class pet than the bird."

Class-consciousness has increased immeasurably the value placed on a dog's pedigree. After countless centuries of indifference to the indiscriminate breeding that made dog as mongrel as humself, man is now carefully regulating the breeding of purebreds. Humane societies report that an increasing proportion of each generation of mongrels meets an early and merciful end in their death chambers — because fewer and fewer people wish to own them.

At the end of the war, mutts outnumbered purebreds in Canada by twenty to one. Today one of Canada's more than 4 million dogs in nearly a third are purebreds. The ratio of purebreds is increasing so rapidly that Fred Clarke, a Montreal dog breeder, predicts the extinction of the mongrel within fifteen years.

Ranging from the two-pound Chihuahua to the two-hundred-pound St. Bernard, the one hundred and twenty-nine breeds recognized by the Canadian Kennel Club provide show promoters, breeders, exhibitors, judges, pet shops, food companies, advertising media, novelty manufacturers and veterinarians with a business that is valued by the publication Dogs in Canada at twenty million dollars a year.

At Canadian dog shows, which have increased from fifty to one hundred and fifty in the past twenty years, various breeds rise and fall in the popularity scale as erratically as women's fashions. This makes the professional kennelman's vocation highly risky — and in some cases highly profitable.

The most popular dog in Canada last year was the beagle, followed by the poodle, German shepherd, dachshund, Labrador, collie and boxer. Generally speaking, little dogs live in the city, medium-sized dogs live in the suburbs and big dogs live in the country, so that it is often possible to tell by his dog what sort of home a man owns.

According to Thomas Adams, an official of the Canadian Kennel Club, the beagle has become top dog because it combines the best of two worlds: the sturdy appearance and character of the hunting hound with the small stature that city dwellers prefer. Thus, in owning a beagle, the denizen of an apartment can affect some of the airs of a country gentleman.

The beagle, a masculine-looking dog, represents a public reaction against the effeminate-looking poodle, which CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

If you think the U-2 affair was a bungle you may be right, but you're wrong if you think this is new. The espionage trade has more boneheads than masterminds, and most of the secrets they expose are their own

SPIES WERE ALWAYS STUPID

BY CATHERINE JONES

Until the farcical tragedy of the spy-in-the-sky affair of a few weeks ago most people who thought about espionage at all probably had the idea that it is carried on by people of very supreme intelligence and masterminded by wizards hidden in seemingly innocuous departments of the government.

Not so. Acts of the most staggering stupidity have always occurred in the name of espionage and most spies are recruited from the ranks of drifters, grifters, sharpies and misfits. The myth that spies are clever is based on the small percentage of smart ones, the ones who don't get caught. They live to tell the tale and often they cannot resist writing it as well. The literature on the subject of their exploits is impressive.

But for the most part espionage is a shocking waste of time and money. The experts estimate that little of the information gained by spies in the field is accurate enough to send home. Of this still less is useful. The percentage finally acted upon is infinitesimal.

This makes the complex, dangerous, tedious, expensive business of spying seem more than slightly ridiculous.

Unknown amounts of money are poured out by powers great and small to subsidize people supplying information or misinformation that may or may not be worth anything, and the evidence mounts that we would do better to put this money straight down the drain or else use it to create a Department of Good Works.

For in the realm of espionage truth is stiller than Hitchcock.

If, for example, you picked up a lurid paperback and read of a dark, handsome cipher clerk coming under the spell of a mysterious, vaguely foreign older woman named Countess Anna Watkoff and betraying his country's secrets along with its code to her — well, that's a fairly routine plot and you might go along with it for a few hours' divertissement.

But if the writer then went on to describe how the young man grew tired of photographing the secret documents he smuggled out of the embassy and gave the work to a commercial photographer to do, you'd throw the book aside as implausible and an insult to your intelligence.

The man's name was Tyler Kent and it happened.

In 1939, when Kent was sent to London to work in the U.S. embassy, he fell in with the pro-Hitler British Fascist crowd — fell also madly in love with Anna. The countess was in the pay of Germany, and she persuaded him to play post office in more ways than one. Between the start of the war and May 1940, Kent photographed or had photographed fifteen hundred secret papers. The pictures were given to Anna who passed them on to an official in the Italian embassy, where they were put into the diplomatic pouch to Rome and then flown to Berlin.

It was woefully easy for Kent to sneak the papers out of the embassy at night and slip them back in the morning. He might have gone on indefinitely had he not become so bored with developing pictures. Eventually lovers' meetings at Anna's flat invariably followed by... all things... a trip to the photographer's aroused the suspicions of the British counter-espionage people. The photographer incidentally was under the naive impression that he was doing a favor for the American embassy.

Since the U.S. was not yet at war Kent could not be charged with espionage. He was sentenced to seven years and Anna got ten. For the same acts a year and a half later he would undoubtedly have been hanged.

A runner-up for the title of Spy Most Unlikely to Succeed during World War II was Rogerio da Monzeos, a clerk in the Portuguese embassy in London. This young man was a great gadabout and hardly and he was always broke. He kept on in the absence of any of the Portuguese embassy staff for a month when a German spy in CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

Evan Greta Garbo (here in a 1932 spy movie) wasn't able to make a serious espionage out of Mata Hari.





The Red in downtown Winnipeg, painted by Robert Reed from a tall structure completed in the St. Boniface shore. The walls are from the Winnipeg Rowing Club.

RIVERS OF CANADA

THE RED

As unpredictable as the rusty loops it has worn in the black prairie loam, this is the sleek, squalid, gentle, violent stream that inherited the wide Manitoba plain

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

Before I became acquainted with the Red River I shared the genteel eastern notion that it was the dullest river in Canada. I could not have been more wrong. The Red is the most surprising river we have in the whole land.

To look casually at the Red in Winnipeg nobody would ever think so. Brown and lazy it twists through the city with the motion of a convolvulus and finally wanders out again into the vast sameness of the Manitoba plain. Not even after it has received the Assiniboine does its appearance seem to alter. For though the Assiniboina virtually doubles its volume the difference in the river's size passes almost unnoticed in the huge flat prairie through which it flows. In Winnipeg the Assiniboine looks like its identical twin, and before the two streams meet in the city's heart strangers frequently mistake one for the other. It is only from the air that their distinctiveness appears. Seen from above the Red looks like a brown worm wiggling north through the prairie but the Assiniboine, seen from above, has a sweep to its course. It wings out of sight across the western horizon with a gesture of promise if not of majesty.

As North American rivers go the Red is not long. From its source in Minnesota to its junction in Lake Winnipeg its length is only 545 miles, some hundred miles less than the Assiniboine's and about fourteen hundred less than that of the enshrined Saskatchewan. The parent stream rises from Traverse Lake under the name of Bois de Sioux and when its little brook outlay with the Otter Tail at the small town of Breckenridge the Red River proper begins. In the United States they call it the Red River of the North to distinguish it from the much longer Red River that joins the Mississippi in Louisiana.

Once the Red finds its true direction it goes dourly north according to the map but does so with a continuous wiggling movement. Sleek and muddy, its silt making it opaque at a depth of four inches its current so sluggish that a strong contrary wind can bring it to a halt, its banks ominously low, the Red for nearly all its course seems utterly undramatic in normal seasons. It forms





AT LEFT The bridge across the Red at St Jean Baptiste 46 miles south of Winnipeg is Bruce describes the scene The soil is black when wet but when dry it takes on a mauve tinge and at dusk this color is heightened The underside of the bridge is packed with straw apparently trapped there during the 1950 flooding of the Red

ABOVE The River Road north of Winnipeg A nearby lagoon (foreground) provides a haven for waterfowl On weekends and holidays cars line the roadside while their passengers fish from the low banks This point is about midway between Winnipeg and the delta of the Red which empties into Lake Winnipeg through a network of channels

PAINTINGS BY ROBERT BRUCE



A second view of the River Road Bruce comments Although market gardening is more typical along the Red than grain growing there are a few wheatfields I noticed a girl in a truck driver waiting for the combine she spent her time polishing the truck" The canoes on the river are competing in the annual Winnipeg-Lower Fort Garry race

part of the boundary between Minnesota and South Dakota and all of the boundary between Minnesota and North Dakota It wiggles through Fargo through Grand Forks through a number of junk towns hard to tell apart These main street towns have changed hardly at all since Sinclair Lewis wrote about Gopher Prairie but they do have the Red which Gopher Prairie did not The Red wiggles on picking up a succession of small prairie streams most of them dried out in summer most of them in many springs cataracting into the main channel in sluices of liquid mud Just below the little town of Pembina the Red crawls across the international border into Canada Barely a quarter of its length is in Manitoba but these last miles are by far the most interesting ones.

I find myself able to describe the Red in general terms only in a series of paradoxes The first is the contrast between its color and that of the prairie through which it flows the prairie is not red at all but chestnut black

The reason for the Red's color is the depth of its trench which is shallow compared with the Saskatchewan's — a most important point in the river's history — but quite deep enough to be well below the black topsoil where the Manitoba wheat grows It is carved right into a subsoil clay that bakes hard in drought and turns into a gumbo in rain

The second paradox is more difficult to make clear for it is the most surprising of all

It is that the Red River more than any other stream I have seen outside England reminds me of the Thames It would be impossible to find anywhere outside mountainous regions any section of the globe more unlike the south of England than the Manitoba plain In the southern shires the villages nestle in the lea of copse-crowned hills the farms are like private gardens the trunks of the oaks and beaches are more green from the perpetual moisture, the interplay of light is symphonic There are none of these subtleties in the Red River Valley which is not a valley as most people understand the term but a colossal plain Table flat In the spring the plain is a black ocean in August a golden one and in winter a white one and its sole companion is the vast sky that changes constantly above it Yet in this stark setting the Red again and again creates little aquatic scenes of bowery loveliness Rich trees hollow its banks and more than once as I stood on prairie level and looked at a reach of the stream I thought of the Thames at Goring, and once where an apron of lush green stretched out into the water, I even remembered Runnymede.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

the *Locks*. This is a *popular afternoon drive for Winnipeggers* / [illegible] from [illegible] highway. Below, seen at all hours of the [illegible] one of the Locks go through as they [illegible] from Winnipeg [illegible] Lake [illegible] 1908 [illegible] the south end of the *Red*

[illegible] Lake [illegible] It contains more than a hundred [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of origins utterly [illegible] [illegible] At [illegible] the lock where the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] through [illegible] into the Winnipeg [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with swirling [illegible] [illegible] is the delta of the mighty Slave in the Northwest Territories. In the winter and early winter the northern lights [illegible] and the weird glow of the aurora filters through the [illegible] high marsh grass in such a way that the whole region is translated until this world is [illegible] into shifting patterns of unearthly light.

Yet for the differences from any settlement on a line spring [illegible] I found myself in channels so small still intimate and fragrant that I could not help thinking of what is probably the most civilized [illegible] with the tiny Thames walking through shades at Hobsons past Addison's walk on its way to meet the Thames at Oxford.

There are many contrasts of a general nature and not all of them charming. The same river I have called both gentle and treacherous can also in its higher reaches look as gullied as a dried-out irrigation ditch in return season and the reminder of climate. During the great drought of 1934 there was a period of six months when the Red above Winnipeg virtually disappeared. In all that time not even a bucketful of water went through Fargo though Fargo is almost 150 miles from the source. Sixteen years later the Red ceased to be a river once more, but this time it turned itself into a Lake that inundated much of southern Manitoba.

How to contrive all these contrasts into the single one that is the principal [illegible] of all the others — the Red behaves in the contradictory way because, geologically speaking, it is not a river at all. It is a surviving remnant of what once was the largest fresh water lake in existence at least in recent geological history.

Lake Agassiz — so the geologists call it after the Swiss scientist who studied the movements of ice caps — was the product of the last of the glaciers that shaped the present form of the central Canadian plain. It is with the origin of Lake Agassiz that everyone must begin who wishes to understand the nature of the central prairie, of the prairie lakes and of the Red River itself. The time to begin is 100,000 years ago (a recent date in geological history). It was probably then that the last Ice Age began. Since that time there have been four major advances and retreats of the polar ice cap in America and the effects of all of them are plainly visible in Manitoba today.

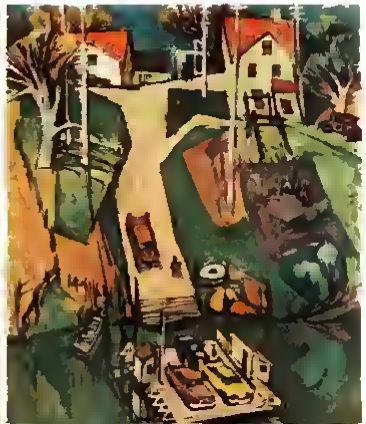
The prairie was not always as it is now. Once it was a rolling land like the country between Ottawa and Lake Ontario with hills and depressions and little channels. But as [illegible] tons of ice formed on it, the weight slowly crushed the land — then the ice started it shrinking all over its hill and filled in every depression until the prairie as we know it was formed. The ice [illegible] south finally pressed against the height of land [illegible] which [illegible] south of Duluth, Lake Superior and there it stopped. Over all elevation today crossed almost unnoticed by thousands of tourists in their cars is one of the most important land heights in North America, for it is the north-south continental divide. It is the reason why [illegible] as the 28





AT LEFT. The slough at Selkirk. This inlet of the Red 25 miles downriver from Winnipeg shelters lake boats for the winter. The ice in the slough is thin in mid. Brian remarks "and the boats have to run out the river proper until after the first of May.

BELOW. St. Adolphe, a river community about 15 miles upriver from Winnipeg. It was a Sunday morning, recalls Brian, "and Churchgoers came out and crowded the ferry. The ferry is one of the few remaining rigs still seen fairly frequently [illegible]



HOW FOOTBALL MADNESS HIT VANCOUVER





ABOVE Football for the Spectator, a night-school course, draws undergraduates in droves. LEFT It took the Lions seven games to roar. That night pandemonium downtown.

In the city with the lunatic fringe on top, football fever came as a belated epidemic. The place hasn't been the same since

BY RAY GARDNER

WHEN GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE defied the United Nations one day last February by firing France's first atomic explosion the blast was heard around the world and made headlines in every Canadian newspaper but one—the Vancouver Sun.

The Sun's editors slapped a one-column head on the story of de Gaulle's bomb, tucked it away in an inconspicuous corner of page one and devoted the paper's banner line to the real news event of the day. Vancouver had been awarded the 1960 Grey Cup game. The foremost teams of east and west would—the hydrogen bomb willing—meet in Empire Stadium on November 26 to contest the professional football championship of Canada.

This triumph of football over fallout for pride of place on the Sun's front page was merely another manifestation of the madness that has gripped Vancouver, the city with the lunatic fringe on top, ever since the wet September night in 1954 when the B.C. Lions scored their first victory in the Western Interprovincial Football Union.

Playing their first season in the WIFU, the Lions had lost six straight games when finally they triumphed 9 to 4 over Calgary Stampeders by scoring a thrilling last-minute touchdown. The eighteen thousand spectators in Empire Stadium reacted like a Roman mob as if a Christian, instead of just the Stampeders, had been thrown to the Lions. Neither the pleadings of the stadium announcer nor the playing of God Save The Queen could subdue their wild demonstration.

Whisky bottles and cushions filled the air. One flying bottle struck a woman, knocking her unconscious. A man jumped from the thirtieth row, was propelled along by the crowd and landed in the fifteenth row.

Another man removed his store teeth and flung them at the Calgary players' bench in gesture of contempt that was to win him acclaim from the Lions Booster Club as fan of the week. A mob swarmed onto the playing field, tore down the goalposts, and when someone produced an axe, chopped them to bits.

From the stadium, the celebrating crowd surged CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

BELOW LEFT Police dogs have had to be used to chase the throngs off the playing field. RIGHT At least 2,000 kids saw every '59 game. Here they mob Lion Willie Fleming.





The World War II battle they fought in Canada

Five hundred Germans took over the prisoner-of-war camp at Bowmanville, Ont., and defied their guards to come and get them. The result: a club-swinging brawl that lasted for three days

BY TERENCE ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE

Among the more bizarre incidents of World War II was a battle that raged on and off for three days in Canada in October 1942. The scene was Camp 30 at Bowmanville, Ont. In this prisoner-of-war camp at the time were almost eight hundred captured Germans: six hundred of them officers including more than two hundred members of Rommel's Afrika Korps.

Guard duty was in the hands of the 2nd Company of the Veterans Guard of Canada, a formation organized during the war to free younger men for overseas duty. Most of the guards were veterans of World War I; some were partly disabled.

On the morning of October 10, 1942, the prisoners were told that seventy of them would be shackled in reprisal for the manacling of Canadian prisoners in Germany. In other camps where similar shacklings were carried out, nothing beyond passive resistance was experienced. But it was soon clear that the tough fighters at Bowmanville would resist.

What followed was a brawl of heroic dimensions—five furious clashes over fifty hours or so, fought almost entirely with truncheons, bricks, hockey sticks, crockery, boots and fists. When the Germans had at last been subdued and the prescribed number shackled, only one prisoner had been hurt by gunfire.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Mason Taylor, MC, of the Veterans Guard of Canada, had just been appointed camp commandant. He was in a dilemma when the revolt began. The Germans obviously couldn't win in the long run, but any measure used to subdue them that smacked of brutality would be a propaganda victory for Germany and a ready excuse for maltreatment of Canadian prisoners.

Among the prisoners at Bowmanville, and high in prestige, was the strong-willed U-boat commander Kapitänleutnant Otto Kretschmer, who now bosses the coastal defence force of the re-created West German navy. He masterminded the revolt.

Kretschmer had used his U 99 to destroy nearly 350,000 tons of Allied shipping before he was captured in March 1941, when his crippled sub sank in the North Atlantic.

Kretschmer was tough. At Grizedale Hall in Northumberland—a POW camp set up in England for especially troublesome prisoners—he became, soon after capture, the senior German officer. And contrary to the Geneva conventions, he organized courts of honor at which he and two other U-boat commanders tried fellow prisoners for offences committed both before and after capture. In one instance his court convicted a German lieutenant for surrendering too readily and of failing to scuttle his ship. After the lieutenant tried unsuccessfully to commit suicide, Kretschmer arranged for him to escape, with orders to go to Barrow-in-Furness in Lancashire and scuttle his captured U-boat, which lay at anchor there.

When Kretschmer was told that the naval officer had been shot dead by Home Guards-men while he was running away, he showed no regret. For him the war was total: there could be no compromise.

Kretschmer, with the rest of the Grizedale Hall prisoners, was transferred to Bowmanville in May of 1942. Before that time the camp had been sparsely populated by Luftwaffe pilots and officers from the Afrika Korps.

Two disgruntled German senior officers from North Africa were responsible for the orderly conduct of the prisoners, but they didn't prevent Kretschmer from gaining great influence. Officially he was not made camp spokesman until September of 1944, but unofficially he was always a power behind the wire.

Former inmates say Kretschmer organized the collection of information from Canadian publications, which was relayed back to Germany by German officers repatriated by the International Red Cross. And he revived his illegal courts of honor. The commander of the surrendered U-boat that lay in Barrow-in-Furness was convicted of cowardice and barred from all games and training programs organized by the prisoners. No one spoke to him except in the course of duty. Members of the Canadian camp staff still remember the forlorn figure, making his daily rounds behind the wire in solitude.

The trouble at the Bowmanville camp stemmed from a bitter political exchange between London and Berlin—one that threatened to undermine the international law governing the treatment of prisoners. The issue was an aftermath of Dieppe. Over the objections of the Canadian general who commanded the force, one part of the operations plan prescribed that hands should be tied to keep prisoners from destroying documents. However, while individual shacklings in case of necessity are permissible, blanket orders for large groups of prisoners without specific reasons are ruled out by the Geneva conventions. When the Germans studied an order captured at Dieppe, they interpreted the instructions as a blanket order and threatened to place in chains all prisoners taken at Dieppe.

The British answered that if indeed a blanket order had been issued, it would be cancelled. The Germans then refrained from carrying out the proposed reprisals. A month later a small British force raided the Channel island of Sark; the hands of some captured Germans were tied out of necessity. The Germans now charged that the British had not adhered to their undertaking and announced that they were manacling a thousand prisoners taken at Dieppe. The British felt obliged to reply in kind.

After some deliberation the Canadian government ordered that a number of German prisoners in Canada should be manacled until further notice. Bowmanville, one of the camps selected, was particularly suitable because the prisoners included a large number of officers from favored branches of the services.

Thus on the morning of October 10, 1942, Colonel Taylor, the camp commandant, was handed a telegram telling him to segregate a certain number of German officers and other ranks and put them in handcuffs.

When the two senior officers from the Afrika Korps and Kretschmer were informed of the order, Kretschmer insisted that such an infringement on the prisoners' rights could not be accepted. "I cannot obey, sir," he replied with cold formality. "We shall resist force with force."

He refused flatly to co-operate in any way and stated in writing that he would receive no communication from the camp commandant. Taylor said he felt then and still feels that the decision to shackle prisoners was unwise and achieved nothing.

That morning, however, the commandant had his orders. He informed Ottawa of the Germans' attitude and requested permission to use force to bring out the required number of prisoners. The defense department replied that he should use his own discretion while avoiding any incident.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

The Canadian troops, using an old hydro pole as a battering ram, finally forced their way through the Germans' barricade and into the fortified kitchen. They encountered a hail of crockery, sticks and stones.



Sweet and sour DINING OUT with Dave Harbaugh



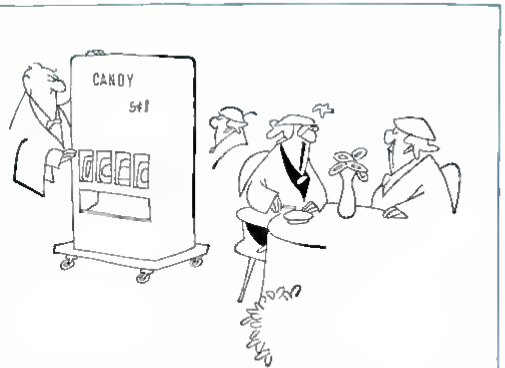


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CANADA CP PACKERS

PICTURE IDEA OF THE WEEK



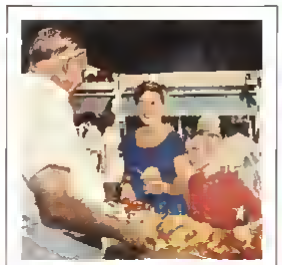
Travelling through St-Hyacinthe, Quebec, the family couldn't resist stopping at the colorful farmers' market—and Dad brought home a great photo to use all winter on Kodacolor Film.

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RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET **THE APARTMENT:** Billy Wilder, one of the smartest all-round movie-makers in Hollywood, has come up with another winner in this big-city comedy-drama. It somehow manages to be both sardonic and warmhearted while observantly focusing on the romance that slowly blooms between a bachelor bookkeeper (Jack Lemmon) and an elevator girl (Shirley MacLaine). Both are tiny cogs in an immense business office organization and our hero's unorthodox way of getting ahead in the world is to let wolfish executives use his apartment for their illicit amours. Eventually, of course, he sees the error of his ways.

DON'T PANIC, CHAPS: A few inept and forgotten British soldiers and a similar group of Germans unofficially establish a separate peace in a hayloft on a tiny island in the Adriatic. The ironies of their situation are only thinly developed in this skimpy British comedy. Horley Walker and Dennis Price are the commanders.

HANNIBAL: This is yet another in the seemingly endless album of Italian-made historical adventures with clumsily dubbed English dialogue. The results are mainly indifferent, with Victor Mature in typical form as the Carthaginian military genius.

ICE PALACE: Time passes sluggishly during the two hours and twenty-three minutes of this sprawling Alaskan soap-opera, based on the Edna Ferber literary saga. A good man (Robert Ryan) and a bad one (Richard Burton) benomm lifelong foes after a youthful friendship and in the process Alaska matures in statehood. Carolyn Jones and Martha Hyer are the principal Indies in their destinies. Rating: fair.

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN: A funny and suspenseful "perfect crime" thriller from Britain. With Jack Hawkins. Night Patrol.

LIGHT UP THE SKY: Unwisely this banal British war comedy throws its pitches as well as laughing. It's about the dogged exploits and misadventures of an English air-searchlight unit during the Blitz. Jon Carmichael, Tommy Steele and Benny Hill are among those involved.

THE STORY OF RUTH: A reverent approach and an avoidance of pagan orgy sensationalism are unfortunately not enough to infuse adequate virility and conflict into this stodgy account of the Old Testament heroine (Elana Eden). As usual, it goes on and on and on.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn: Comedy-drama. Fair.
Battle of the Sexes: Comedy. Fair.
Ben-Hur: Biblical drama. Excellent.
Black Orpheus: Poetic drama. Good.
The Bramble Bush: Adult drama. Fair.
Classic Meeting: Suspense drama. Good.
Circus of Horrors: Melodrama. Poor.
Conspiracy of Hearts: Drama. Good.
Cruel Is the Heart: Drama. Fair.
The Day They Robbed the Bank of England: Crime drama. Fair.
A Dog of Flanders: Drama. Good.
5 Branded Women: Wartime drama. Fair.
Flame Over India: Drama. Good.
The 400 Blows: French drama about childhood. Excellent.
The Fugitive Kind: Drama. Good.
The Gallant Hours: Navy drama. Fair.
Girls at Sea: British farce. Fair.
Holler in Pink Tights: Comedy-drama of Wild West showbiz. Good.
I'm All Right, Jack: Comedy. Good.
Kidnapped: Adventure drama. Good.
A Man Escaped: Suspense. Excellent.
Man on a String: Spy drama. Good.
Matters of the Count Regine: Almost documentary study. Excellent.
Nowhere to Go: Crime drama. Fair.
Odds Against Tomorrow: Drama. Good.
Oscar Wilde: Drama. Good.
Pay or Die: Crime drama. Good.
Peeping Tom: Sadistic horror. Poor.
Pinfluent High School: Suspense. Poor.
Pollyanna: Family story. Good.
The Rat Race: Comedy drama. Good.
Seven Thieves: Crime drama. Good.
Strangers of Bombay: Melodrama. Fair.
Toby Tyler: Circus adventure. Good.
A Touch of Larceny: Comedy. Good.
Two-Way Stretch: Comedy. Excellent.
The Unforgiven: Western drama. Good.
Wake Me When It's Over: Comedy. Fair.
Wild Heart: Romantic drama. Good.

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The Red continued from page 18

When the Red floods there's nothing anybody can do about it — it's no longer a river, but a lake

the Missouri curves southeast and the Red flows north. But — and this is another curious contradiction in the Red's history—there was a time ages ago when the Red *did* flow south. While the glacier still existed in the north, south was the only way the water could go, so it dribbled over the continental shelf and eventually found its way into the Mississippi.

Now picture the scene in central Canada as it was during the thousands of years when the climate warmed and the ice melted. As the glacier withdrew and the ice became water, the water was captured in a vast basin bounded in the south by what is now the north-south divide, and in the north by the glacier. This water basin was Lake Agassiz, and for several eons the Red—as has been explained—drained some of it off in a southerly direction.

In the period of its greatest extent Lake Agassiz was more than seven hundred miles long. At its northern end it was about seven hundred feet deep. It covered northwest Minnesota, parts of the Dakotas and much of the central Canadian plain, and for a time its chief drainage was easterly into Lake Superior. As the glacier continued to retreat the remains of millions of dead organisms sank to the bottom to enrich what became the sky land that settlers first put under the plow in the last century.

Not until 10,000 years ago—only yesterday in the time span of a geologist—did the main body of Lake Agassiz finally drain off. Behind it remain substantial bodies of water called Lakes Winnipeg, Winnipegosis, Manitoba, the Upper and Lower Red Lakes, Lake of the Woods and the Nelson and Red Rivers. Today the Red, joined by its lazy tributaries, worms through the heart of the bed of old Lake Agassiz.

That is why, when certain weather conditions conspire, the Red reverts to the behavior of the lake that fathered it. In simpler language, when the Red River floods there is nothing the people of Manitoba can do about it. You can fight an ordinary river by means of dikes and levees, but nobody can stem the overflow of a river that turns itself into a lake on a continental plain where the greatest elevation seldom exceeds six feet.

In the spring of 1852 David Anderson, Bishop of Rupert's Land, was able to reflect with good reason that civilization, religion and tradition were taking root in the vast frontier diocese under his care. In his school near old Fort Garry one pupil had just completed the reading of Aristotle's Ethics in the original Greek. Several others had worked through Herodotus into Thucydides. Four lads were studying the gospels in Italian, most of the school knew them in French, and the whole school had recited a psalm in Hebrew and the Lord's Prayer in eight languages, including the two leading dialects of our country." For hundreds of miles around this little island of culture the wilderness extended. But within the colony itself the farms were prosperous, families were earning a living and the desperate hardships of the early days were becoming memories.

But into this scene of peace like a tocsin came the news the settlers dread-



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for generations a great Canadian favourite.

al to hear more than anything else for they knew what it could mean to them At Pembina about seventy miles to the south the Red was beginning to flood Communications were slow and made quite and at first nobody knew how serious the situation was The Red moves slowly heavily but with a deadly sureness By May 2 the situation at Fort Garry was alarming and people began leaving their homes The first bridges went and a controlled anglish el panic was framed as it were in a scene of absolute peace. On May 8 Bishop Andrason noted that "the aurora borealis was brilliant at night like a semi-circular arch of tailed pennons" The next day he "awoke to the sweet singing of birds and soon I heard the news that the waters were stationary at Pembina" The morning was optimistic

But May 10 was another beautiful morning of singing birds though the water was flooding into the gunrooms and stores and the people were working frantically to save the land on which they depended let their lives during the summer The day passed into a bright Manitoba evening but over the churchyard ("the seedplot of God") was entirely covered and everywhere houses were awash or floating away Three days later a tempest arose and the resurrected Lake Agassiz roared like a sea in the wind A few days later Bishop Anderson's congregation crowded et paddled to a spot of dry land on the edge of the waters and he preached them a sermon on the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah at even song the same day he preached on Noah's days and the whole sang Spoolotha Te Deum

The water gained deepened and spread On May 17 a boat was rowed through the churchyard gate and across the plain until it blundered into the main channel of the river now foaming at ten knots and was nearly lost Wreckage floating everywhere, moved the Bishop to quote from the storm scene in the first book of Virgil's Aeneid Now men women and children were driven from their homes fifteen thousand houses, farm buildings and business blocks were inundated and the loss of life might have been serious had not the Canadian Army taken over

On that occasion as Winnipeg people vividly recall the army was prepared to declare martial law and remove 320,000 civilians according to the plan that would have been used in southern England in 1940 if the Germans had crossed the Channel This plan may well have to be put into effect next year or five years hence for Winnipeg is almost as defenseless against the Red as it has always been As early as 1879 Sir Sandford Fleming urged that the CPR crossing of the Red be made twenty odd miles downstream from Winnipeg where the banks are higher and flooding is less serious. As late as 1960 engineers are still preparing plans for a floodway to divert the overflow around greater Winnipeg The cost would be prodigious but so is the cost of a first-class flood The 1950 affair was far from the worst on record — on that occasion the Assiniboine held off until the Red had done its worst — but it cost $184,000,000 in property losses alone

People in the east think of the three prairie provinces as similar and lump them together under the general term the West Yet their histories are quite different The Red River Valley in terms of settlement is much older than Saskatchewan and Alberta Though all three provinces have a common background of fur trading though the family La Vérendrye explored them all (Fort Rouge was established at the Forks of the Red and Assiniboine by the elder La Vérendrye in 1738) it is a fact of some significance that the homesteaders of the two western prairie provinces had railways behind them and that the nineteenth century was two thirds over before settlers came in any great numbers to Saskatchewan and began in Saskatchewan But the Red River settlement dates from an earlier stage in the human story its traditions older than those known by most people who settled the more westerly parts

In 1811 Lord Selkirk's first party of settlers reached York Factory on Hudson Bay The next summer though they did not know it while they were paddling from York Factory to the Forks Napoleon's Grande Armée was moving across the Niemen on the road that from Smolensk to Moscow Indeed Napoleon was a prime reason why the desperate Celts of Selkirk's settlement were where they were. The Emperor's Berlin Decree had turned the fur market the stock of the Hudson's Bay Company had dropped from £250 a share to less than £50 and this had enabled Selkirk and a few friends to buy control of the company

Unlike the Gentlemen Adventurers before him Selkirk had no interest in the fur trade He was trying to help a tenanted people The Highland economy shaky for years had collapsed after the rebellion of 1745 and thousands of Highlanders had left their glens Selkirk who knew little of conditions in Canada but did have a man of the sternly decided to offer them means of escape He chartered a few small ships and his missing people went out under the leadership of a Stobo's man called Miles Macdonell

No body of comparable size has played a role of greater importance in Canadian history

Nor did any others endure more appalling suffering Not even Napoleon could imagine better an inexperienced winter in store with no food to a shiftless people The Selkirk settlers arrived at the Forks without plows, and pathetically they tried to scratch the surface of that gigantic plain with hoes and spades Their sole line of communication ran back 750 miles to a tiny fort visited once a year by ships from the Old Country

Soon they were starving For nine awful years they wandered up and down the Red in search of buffalo Indians attacked them Fur traders of the North West Company declared war on them killed a number of them and burned out their settlement A decade after their arrival a small number of French Canadians appeared and established St Boniface Then in 1826 the Red shrank from with the worst flood in its recorded history In that year it washed away nearly all their houses

Still they persevered It was all they could do Summer was a time of peace with hunger winter a white hell But the settlement burgeoned When the people could not hunt bread without weight and their potatoes without estimate schools and churches rose among them books were imported from England and some of their teachers were men trained in Edinburgh Oxford and Cambridge In 1855 only fifteen years after the flood described by Bishop Anderson an American journalist visited the Red River Valley and wrote

"There is a spot on this continent



Pat Hayes I will then by the noted Canadian photographer Walter Bo

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Where did so many Canadians get the idea American football is a better game? They're dead wrong, says an American who knows both brands of football as well as any men alive and if the Americans weren't so proud they'd admit it

By JIM TRIMBLE

WHY CANADIAN FOOTBALL BEATS THE AMERICAN GAME

In the next issue of **MACLEAN'S** On sale August 16

which travelers do not visit. Deserts almost trackless, divide it from the habitations of men. To reach it or once there to escape it is an exploit of which one may almost boast. It is not even marked on the maps nor mentioned in the gazetteers."

Yet this visitor had found dancing and good dining, several excellent wine cellars, a library copies of the Illustrated London News, the latest novels of Dickens and Thackeray, "intellectual conversations," he wrote, "might be had there as well as in Washington."

The settlement continued isolated until after Confederation its lines of communication now running north toward St. Paul. But one April day there came floating down to Fort Garry a wooden scow carrying eight men. They were "Canadiens from Ontario" they had bought the scow in the States and come down the Red to homestead. Though neither they nor the original settlers knew it at the time, these eight men were the advance guard of the homesteading avalanche that was to cause the two Riel rebellions, accelerate the building of the transcontinental railways and, by the century's end, make the bed of Lake Agassiz one of the richest wheat areas in the world.

Today the Red River Valley is no longer the West. It is the geographical heart of Canada. It may also be the ethnic and social heart as well. Here facing each other across the river are the communities of Winnipeg and St. Boniface, the one palpably English-Canadian, the other palpably French. But all around them and threaded through them are the lines of a mosaic of peoples whose origins are in all the nations of the Old World. In the little town of Selkirk just below the lower end began Fort Garry you can see this mosaic plain. The most prominent building is an onion-domed Ukrainian church, but within a stone's throw of it is a street called Britannia Avenue, and the Anglican house of worship is called Christ Church. In fewer Fort Garry itself the style of stonecutting is pure Old Country, and the Fort as authentically British Colonial as York Redoubt at the entrance of Halifax Harbor.

This continuance of tradition in the Red River Valley it seems to me, has been and still is of priceless value. It is one of the factors that have saved Canada from becoming an amorphous melting pot with no sense of its past. For years, when John Dafoe was its editor, the Winnipeg Free Press was the most respected newspaper in Canada. It seems to me a fact that the French-speaking people of Manitoba are less provincial in their attitude than those of the settled province. Did not Manitoba give to French Canada its finest prose writer in the person of Gabrielle Roy, who discovered Balzac as a little girl and became the only writer not a citizen of France to receive the Prix Fémina?

Yet the Red River, though its settlements are now old by western standards and only 465 miles by air from Montreal, can still appear in at least one region so pristine that when there you feel yourself the only man alive in the world. Last spring I drove in a rented car to the delta, turned off at Petersfield into the side track that leads inward and came to the road's end in the Netley Marshes. It was the beginning of one of the finest days of my life for there at the end of the road, I found a camp owned by a Canadian of Polish ancestry called Ed Chesley. When I told him I wanted to see the delta, there appeared in his face the look of friendship one sees sometimes when a stranger shows interest in the thing a man loves. Quietly he asked his son Larry to prepare a boat. While the feel was being poured in we talked. I soon discovered that Chesley was a widely read and widely traveled man and that what he wished to do more than anything else was write the story of the Red River delta.

He told me of the Beckenhead Indian reserve just to the east of the delta, a little island of the birds, and of small depressions he had discovered in the ground where some Selkirk settlers had hidden their children, covering them over with sods when the Indians rose against them.

Then his son called from the boat. I joined him and we sat out into the greatest duck breeding area in America.

The Red River delta, flat as the plain to the south of it, flat as the lake to the north of it, is a labyrinth of channels through reeds and swamps where a greenhorn would lose himself in twenty minutes. But young Larry Chesley knows it as a man knows his own property. He took me into channel after channel while decks of every species skittered away on the water or broke cover and took to the air. Marsh hawks beat slowly back and forth over that sea of reeds. Herons stood on one leg in shallow places, flesh after flesh was sprinkled with scarlet from the wings of roosting red-winged blackbirds, huge white pelicans, some of them weighing fifty pounds, floated on the water or rose with slow, heavy flappings of wings. We found the course of the Red sailed down it a spell and turned into one of the many little channels—the one that reminded me of the Cheiwell. Then we went through a beaver dam and came out to another expense where a gamewarden's tower stood in the wilderness and seemed high as a skyscraper. We climbed it. The whole air was full of bird-songs, it vibrated with them and as we reclined to the bottom a flight of mallard broke cover and flew away.

"In the fall," said Larry, "duck hunters come here from everywhere, and we take them into the marshes. They jump-shoot from boats or they shoot from blinds or they use decoys." A little later he added: "Father and I go south just after the birds. Last year in Mexico when I went shooting some of the ducks I bagged may have been ducks I'd missed here a month before."

We reached the final forks of the Red where it divides into three channels, passed down the eastern branch and entered Lake Winnipeg. We coasted along toward the mouth of the central stream, which is almost invisible when you are out on the lake. The flat lake spread north over the horizon, the delta south into the prairie. The afternoon enclosed us as it enclosed thousands of decks and Canada geese together with the blackbirds and larks calling and shrilling in the higher light. Larry Chesley stopped the motor. With the sinking sun streaming over the delta into our eyes, we floated absolutely alone on that sea-like remnant of old Lake Agassiz. ★

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LEONARD E. SCHIFF



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best in The House"

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2. Game is the lion, the lion was almost upon me before it dropped. The photographer limited on the back of a picture. I couldn't know would I run away. We must have emptied this one at close range to trigger its surprise attack.



3. "The hated lion was a light burden to the joyful Barotse tribesmen. They would let out the meat (talma) but they made us heroes for striking them all a mortal killer. Only after the lion was dead did I realize how close it had come. Too close for comfort

4. "That real reward came back at camp where the boys greeted me with glasses, ice and whisky. As an almost salmon, whisky is my favorite. Canadian Club."

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DRIVE MORE
KNOW CANADA BETTER

ETHYL CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

[illegible] otherwise little ... [illegible] the Lions demon[illegible]

Vancouver was the last ... professional Canadian football and [illegible] has been one of the most inept in the country yet it has become in terms of attendance the biggest ... in the game.

No other sports [illegible]

[illegible]

The well dressed lineman

[illegible]

lines. Far from being deflated Mr. Football was blown up into a front-page hero and martyr. One group of fans held a mass meeting to try to force Stukus' reinstatement. The Vancouver Sun cashed in on the controversy by hiring Stukus as its football editor and trumpeted its coup as though Stukus were the first man to be launched into space.

The following season Annis Stukus Night was celebrated coincident with a Lions game and thirty thousand men, women and children—at the time the greatest gathering ever to assemble for a Canadian football contest—cheered the deposed coach as he circled the field in a Chevrolet convertible.

The car was one of scores of gifts (a live steer was another) lavished on Stukus by his admirers. As a surprise his parents and a brother were flown in from Toronto and another brother was brought from Edmonton.

Not since 1928, when Percy Williams came home from his double victory at the Olympic Games, had Vancouver heaped such adulation on an athletic figure.

Two years later, in the fall of 1958, Stukus was to figure in an act of journalistic enterprise that well expresses the importance football has assumed in Vancouver.

At the time, the world had been pushed to the brink of war by a crisis over the Chinese islands of Matsu and Quemoy, and Jack Scott, then the Sun's executive editor, was anxious to dramatize this threat for his readers as well as distract them from their football fixation. His solution was to send Stukus to cover the crisis.

With Stukus's byline, said Scott, they'll read about Matsu and Quemoy even if they do take them for a couple of All American backfielders.

Stukus flew to Formosa where he interviewed Chiang Kai-shek (MUST HOLD ISLANDS CHIANG TELLS STUKUS was the headline emblazoned across one edition of the Sun), went to Quemoy, from where he wrote: All of a sudden you're in a war. Suddenly you wonder what the B.C. Lions are doing, whether they've won their first game. Then he returned to Formosa, whence he reported that he'd searched in vain to find another Chinese with the physique of Normie Kwong, the famous China Clipper of Canadian football.

The hysterical homage they paid Stukus on his night in 1956 was typical of Vancouver football fans, who are now recognized as the most enthusiastic and uninhibited of any in the land. The very first time the Lions set foot on the turf at Empire Stadium a national attendance record was set—and ever since Vancouver crowds have smashed one record after another.

Vancouver now holds all three of the most important national attendance records: the largest crowd ever to watch a football game in Canada (39,319 at the 1955 Grey Cup), the biggest playoff crowd (34,342), and the top turnout for a league game (34,117).

In spite of its greater population, Toronto has never attracted as many spectators to a Grey Cup final as Vancouver has to an ordinary league game. The biggest crowd to attend a game in Toronto, or anywhere in Canada beyond Vancouver, is 33,133—at the 1959 Grey Cup.

Forty eight hundred seats are being added to Empire Stadium this summer so that thirty nine thousand spectators can be seated for this year's Grey Cup. With standing room for another thousand the stadium will hold forty thousand people.

The Lions have racked up 1,158,473 paid admissions for the forty eight league games they've played at home during six seasons. In 1959, their best year both on the gridiron and at the gate, they drew 241,404 spectators to their eight league games and another thirty four thousand to their one appearance in the playoffs—by far the most outstanding record of any of Canada's nine professional football clubs. Gate receipts for the eight league games totaled more than six hundred thousand dollars.

"We're now a million-dollar-a-year operation," says Herb Capozzi, the Lions general manager. "That's how much money we expect to handle in 1960 from gate receipts and other revenue."

Vancouver's football fever has spread throughout British Columbia, and isolated cases are known to exist even across the border in Washington—a Seattle man, for instance, holds nine season tickets.

On football nights the faithful trek to Vancouver by bus and car from the Fraser Valley and the Okanagan, by boat from Vancouver Island and at times by chartered plane from Prince George, a flight of almost five hundred miles.

At the same time, in the northern coastal city of Prince Rupert and in the hinterland at Trail, where the mountainous terrain disrupts radio reception from Vancouver, people jump into their cars and drive up into the mountains, searching for a place where the play-by-play comes in loud and clear.

The Lions' supporters are caught in a web of organization that reaches down even into the moppets' world. Ten thousand kids shelled out a quarter apiece



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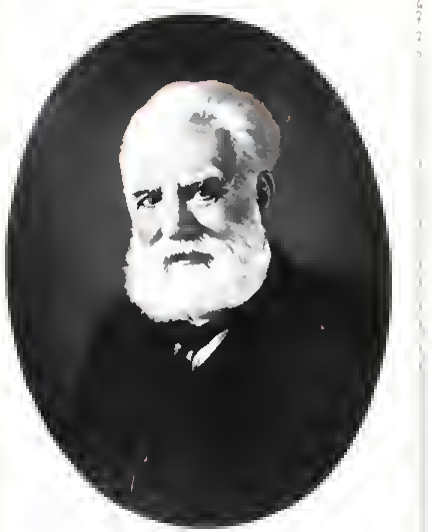
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MACLEAN'S

Part 1 of Maclean's four part serialization of this important new book will appear on the newsstands on August 16

last season to belong to a department stores junior quarterback club About two thousand of them attended each game paying a discount price of fifty five cents

All this has come about in spite of Vancouver's lack of a substantial football tradition to draw on The game was not unknown in Vancouver but it was a minor sport on a level with English rugby Rugger in fact had deeper roots in the schools

This season fifty three hundred boys are expected to turn out to play football in the hundred and ten minor leagues that have sprung up throughout the province This activity will be assisted by a grant of twenty-six thousand dollars from the Lions

Thirty-four hundred men have paid twenty dollars apiece to become members of the B C Lions Football Club the non profit organization that operates the team They pay two dollars in annual dues are entitled to a ten percent discount on season tickets and elect the directorate that administers the club Eighty women hold associate memberships but are denied a vote in the elections

Once a week during the season the Lions Touchdown Club holds a luncheon meeting at which films of the team's latest exploits on the field are invariably attracts a sellout audience of four hundred Another roaring success is the corps of cheerleaders made up of forty girls trained in precision dancing A recent brief item seeking recruits for the unpaid slogan caused a hundred and fifty volunteers to rally to the colors

A brief brush with glory

This fanaticism is all the more remarkable for having been inspired not by a championship club but by one that has encountered defeat with appalling regularity

In six seasons the Lions have scored only twenty-eight victories and one tie in ninety six league games One season they won only one game in sixteen Twice they finished last in the five team WIFU and three times they were fourth Last year they rose to the dizzy heights of third place and this made the playoffs for the first time This brush with glory was brief for the Edmonton Eskimos promptly beat them 61 to 15 in a two game total point series

The city had experienced a brief interlude of professional football in 1941 when a team called the Grizzlies played one season in the WIFU Two years after the Grizzlies folded four hundred enthusiasts gathered in a union hall one night in the fall of 1951 to try again Thus the Lions sprang from a grass roots movement which helps to account for their spectacular success at the gate

Vancouver wasn't wanted in the WIFU Its first bid for a franchise was blocked in January 1952 by the Winnipeg and Regina clubs who feared that expensive expeditions to the Pacific wilds might break them Anyway they doubted the game would ever catch on in Vancouver

A year later early in 1953 the WIFU relented and agreed to let Vancouver field a team in 1954 There were three strings attached Vancouver would have to provide a 15 000-seat stadium (a problem solved by the building of Empire Stadium for the 1954 British Empire Games) would have to sell 8 500 season tickets by May 1 1954 and finally would have to underwrite any losses incurred by the other clubs caused by higher travel costs.

To build a team and sell the season tickets the club hired Annis Stukus, a Toronto sports writer and former backfield star with Toronto Argonauts, as manager and coach Stukus was a logical choice because of the astonishing work he had done in reviving pro football in Edmonton in 1949

Stukus who is sometimes called the Loquacious Lithuanian arrived in Vancouver in the spring of 1953 began talking football and never stopped In three hundred days he made at least two hundred speeches "Stukus" says Dink Bedgood, a Vancouver sports columnist, "would talk to an audience of one under a street lamp at midnight—and he often did" Everyone agrees it was Big Stukus who sold Vancouver on football

The slogan Lions Roar in 54 printed on automobile bumper cards, became virtually a civic motto One of the cards found its way to Tokyo and was prominently displayed in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel

A Stukus masterstroke was to steal one of the most famous players in American football a tackle named Arnie Weinmeister from the New York Giants, by paying him $15 000 a year for two years "His name alone" says Stukus "sold four thousand season tickets The quota of sixty five hundred was reached five months before the WIFU deadline and long before the Lions ever played a game ugh thousand season tickets had been sold

A crowd of twenty thousand a Canadian attendance record, came to see the Lions play (and lose) their opening league game and cheered wildly every time their heroes scored a first down on important though hardly sensational ing accomplishment in the game of football

In those days," says Stukus "all that most of the fans could understand was the half time entertainment So we lavished all money on that to create a spectacle they wouldn't forget We spent $40 000 on entertainment—more than was spent by all the other clubs in Canada put together"

Stukus had created the most successful sports promotion the West has ever known

But are the thousands who throng Empire Stadium to watch the Lions genuine sports fans in the sense that those who follow hockey or baseball are?

Is it the thrill of a spectacular rather than an appreciation of the game itself that draws them there?

Or do they go simply because it has become the thing to do? Is a seat on the fifty yard line the new status symbol?

Most observers believe that all these elements — sport spectacle and social status—are present in Vancouver's football craze

Denny Boyd a sports writer who covers the Lions for the Sun says "One third is sheer interest one third social snobbery one third mass hysteria—that's your football craze." Jim Kearney the Vancouver Province's football editor concurs "It's a Saturday night out for most of them" he says

A Vancouver admiration has described football's incredible popularity in Vancouver as "unnatural and unwholesome," and a University of British Columbia psychologist described the fans themselves as "hostile to society and frustrated" (Snapped one fan in reply "The professor is as crazy as a bale of hay")

Quite understandably general manager Hugh Capozzi refuses to indulge his customers and instead offers this original explanation of why so many people pay to see the Lions "They like football" ★

The World War II battle they fought in Canada

Continued from page 22

that would give Hitler an opportunity to accuse the Canadians of brutality

Taylor decided to parade the camp and instruct the German funker to select the required number of prisoners By noon the guards had lost their easy bearing and untied their guns as though they were prepared to use them The deceptive exchange of good natured banter across the wire had given way to a long holding silence Most of the prisoners had vanished inside their huts and the few that could be seen went sullenly about their business

It was a Saturday and guards who might normally have been looking forward to weekend leave paced the perimeter expectantly The first challenge came at 3 p m. Not one prisoner appeared on the parade ground for the customary roll call

This left Taylor no choice If he was to keep control of the camp his orders had to be obeyed Reinforcements would be needed and indeed were on the way for the meeting at noon had left no doubt that only force could now subdue the prisoners

Toward 8 p.m. a series of sharp commands wrecked through the stillness as the main gate swung open and three officers and fifty men marched into the camp They were young trainees from the Royal Canadian Ordnance Training Centre at Barriefield the advance guard of several convoys.

The prisoners had locked and barricaded their doors and windows Their huge kitchen one of the few brick buildings was organized as a resistance headquarters. Inside it three hundred prisoners—some armed with hockey sticks and makeshift clubs but most without weapons—stood ready to fight A further hundred and fifty were barricaded in another building opposite the kitchen Behind this third line of resistance the rest of the prisoners lurked in their huts as a reserve force.

"The mood of the camp" says Taylor "was such that the smallest spark would have set off a massacre The guards who went in first were under orders to handcuff the prisoners and use force to quell any resistance The officers to whom were under orders to avoid any incident that could give rise to charges of brutality against the Canadian Army"

The first foray against the rebellious prisoners was made shortly after the arrival of the group from Barriefield

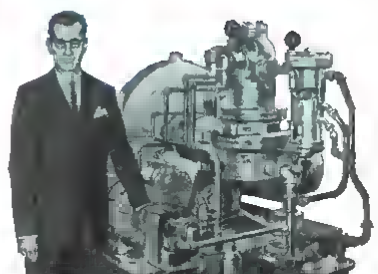




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LONDON DRY GIN

Armed partly with luncheons and partly with unloaded rifles the young troops fought their way into No 5 building. A pitched battle of swinging luncheons and flailing hockey sticks developed at each door and window. As the door was about to give way the prisoners to the kitchen burst out and attempted to cunnie itink. But at this moment the guards penetrated the other building and subdued its occupants. The kitchen forces retreated behind their barricade. A number of German prisoners subdued in No. 5 building were taken away for segregation at the nearby Dutch House farm.

In the meantime a second contingent of three officers and fifty men had arrived from Barracfield. They were immediately sent to assault the kitchen and dining hall. Half of these were armed with baseball bats or pink helves the others followed with unloaded rifles and fixed bayonets. This was a wild affair and for over no harm the two forces harmonized nonh other for fist pitch against pitch until in the end the superior mass—luncheons—compensated for the lack of numbers on the Canadian side.

For a time it seemed as though the troops would not be able to force their way through the barricade but they finally smashed into the kitchen by using as a hydra pole as a battering ram against the main door. The prisoners threw dishes, sticks and stones at the Canadians but when the attackers withdrew they took with them thirty-three prisoners. One Canadian officer six other ranks and about a dozen prisoners had been injured.

A clash by searchlight

The next incident came at 1 o'clock the following morning. Colonel Taylor had sent in a small patrol of guards to inspect damage and report on the activities of the prisoners. They met in equally small force of Germans carrying fresh barricades for the kitchen. The Canadians reacted away as though to avoid the bayoneting and direct contact and then about faced to make a surprise assault.

Armed guards in the watchtowers played searchlights over the scene shouting warnings and advice to the Canadians. Co-operated by the attack the Germans took a beating, but neither side won a decisive victory. The Canadian officer sallied off his own and a kind of truce prevailed for the rest of the night.

But there was no letup for the men of the Vaterans Guard. They were responsible for preventing escapes from the camp. To help them there was a barbwire thirty yards inside the fence mounted two feet from the ground. Any prisoner crossing the wire was considered an escaper. At 5.20 a.m. two Germans made a getaway from their temporary plane of electrified inside the wire but they were soon recaptured.

Taylor's standing orders called for a roll call at 7.30 a.m. This Sunday the prisoners ignored the order. At 9 a.m. one of Taylor's staff officers Lieutenant George Brent MM decided to find out for himself what the prisoners were planning.

Accompanied by a corporal he strode through the gates into the compound. The pair strolling toward the main huts invited attack—and it was not long in coming. They rounded a corner and found themselves confronted by Kretschmer and a group of naval officers.

The Germans didn't like Brent. They complained that during roll calls he would pass down a line of prisoners tapping each lightly on the head with his cane and that he had struck a prisoner in dark nailed. Brent denied these reports. His appearance in the compound was, however, an ideal opportunity for the Germans to vent their resentment. At a cry from the leader the group set upon the Canadians.

In a report to Taylor describing the assault Brent said: "I was slightly dazed by a blow from behind struck twice with what seemed like a sandbag, and knocked to the ground. There I was punched in the face my arms pinioned behind me and boots and hockey sticks were used. I was dragged to No. 4 building, being poked on the way and put in a room and told to lie down.

"Then I was told: 'Now you know what it means to strike an officer' with a stick. I asked for medical attention and they brought some surgical tape but it was not used. I was taken out of the building and walked toward the gate in full view of the sentries who fired shots that appeared uncomfortably close. The grip on me was eased and I threw myself to the ground. The POWs fled."

A shot by one of the sentries hit a German lieutenant in the leg, he was the only man wounded by firearms during the battle. Brent managed to struggle through the gate. There he was helped by his corporal who had been beaten by the Germans but subsequently ignored by them when they concentrated their attack on Brent.

No prisoners appeared for the count on Sunday and at luncheon those who had been taken away and shackled declared a hunger strike.

Taylor now issued an ultimatum: order was to be restored immediately or he would move in further reinforcements. The prisoners agreed. Clearly the next step would have to be decisive.

Reinforcements arrived late on Sunday evening and on Monday morning. There were now four hundred and eighty soldiers in the camp apart from members of the Veterans Guard. About 11 o'clock on Monday morning the camp commandant called to his officers and gave his orders. Four stalwart guards were selected. These men armed with unloaded rifles, bayonets fixed. About noon the whole force moved into the compound.

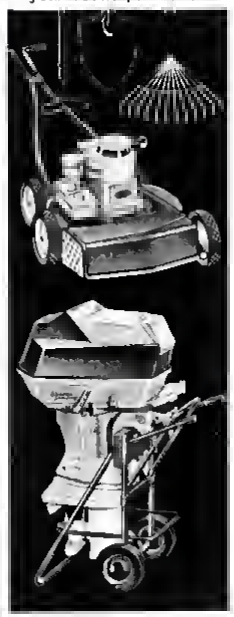
After an initial skirmish with clubs wielding Germans drawn up on the main avenue of the camp the Canadians settled down to the grim business of assulting in succession each of the surrounded buildings in which the Germans had hoped to hold out for several days. The prisoners had plenty of ammunition—stones, sticks and bottles filled with sand or water. Bricks were thrown from the roofs of the battered attackers, and almost every building the bayonet men following up had to help the assault squads after they had forced entry. Fighting ran high on both sides. The battle raged for more than six hours.

By 6 p.m. the battle of Bowmanville was over and a mixed sorry looking procession of about eighty Germans officers and twenty Canadian soldiers paraded before the emergency hospital station now manned by doctors of both sides. At 10.15 p.m. a normal count of prisoners was made. It was showed by the necessity of identifying the owners of bandaged faces.

The prescribed shackling had been carried out.

The sequel satisfied the honor of all. After only a few days the German officers at Dutch House were placed in hand cuffs for roll calls only. Guardians to German camps received similar treatment. ★

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Confused and frightened, I was taken to a detention home in Winnipeg, attached to the juvenile court

from Brandon, Manitoba, where I was born in 1919, to this dreary Saskatchewan death hell?

I never knew who my parents were. I only know that my father suddenly disappeared from our home when I was a year old and that my mother died not long after. This lack of identity was to haunt and embarrass me in the years to come. I recall being thrown to the ground by the school bully, Another boy came along and shouted at my tormentor, "Leave the poor kid alone. He's got no father and no mother." I got up and ran away crying. Once when I was registering at school, the principal asked, "Who are your parents?" I remained silent, blushing and bewildered. I remember the school Christmas concert when I brought along a seventy year-old neighbor in lieu of parents. My teacher ruined the evening for me by asking, "Is this your father?"

My earliest years were spent in an institution. At three I was taken to my first foster home, the Bradleys' in the small town of Broadview, Saskatchewan. The seven years I was to spend there were the happiest and most secure in my life. As far as I knew, I was their real son, and my name was Wesley Fleetman Bradley. I pointure Mrs. Bradley as an angel — a slender, blond woman with a soft voice, unfailingly kind and gentle. Mr. Bradley was a mild, intellectual little man who owned a tinsmith shop. He had worked his way through university, and he was proud of it. "An education is worth making great sacrifices for," he often told me. He was a booklover and would read aloud to me at bedtime. He would take me to every auction sale in the district and would allow me to offer the enormous sum of twenty-five cents when books came up for bidding. As a result, I had a library of two hundred books by the time I was nine. I felt that I completely belonged to this warm, kindly couple. Whatever emotional and spiritual strength I had in future years I owed to them.

When I was nine, this idyllic period came to a shattering end. Mrs. Bradley returned home from the hospital shrunken and pale, after an unsuccessful operation for cancer. When I came downstairs one morning, I was greeted by one of the many Bradley relatives. "Mamma has gone away and she'll never come back," she said. "Have your breakfast, then go and see her for the last time."

With the death of Mrs. Bradley my life changed completely. We moved from the familiar surroundings of Broadview to the town of Carman, a couple of hundred miles away. Mr. Bradley was shaken by his wife's death. His behavior became erratic and unpredictable. He would sometimes stay away from home for two weeks at a time. During these periods I lived alone, doing my own shopping, cooking, washing and cleaning. I now discovered that I was not the Bradleys' real son. Furthermore, I was not even their adopted son. Though an overnight, they had failed to fill out the final adoption papers.

With all my heart I longed for the happiness of those years in Broadview where we all lived together. I resolved to return there, believing that somehow the magic of the past would be mine again. An opportunity soon presented itself. Mr. Bradley sent me to the railway station with ten dollars to pay the freight charges on a newly arrived shipment of tin. I took the money and bought a ticket to Broadview instead. However, the conductor became suspicious, and when I arrived at my destination the police were waiting to question me. A few hours later, accompanied by an escort, I was on the train again, going in the direction I had just come from. I was confident that I was being returned to Mr. Bradley and I had carefully rehearsed the apology I was going to make to him. Instead, much to my confusion, I was taken to a detention home in Winnipeg, attached to the juvenile court. I was frightened. "Please may I speak to Mr. Bradley?" I begged. By way of explanation, I was told, "For get it. The old man doesn't want you back."

The detention home where I was to spend the next three weeks had forty inmates, ranging in age from nine to fifteen. We were all at the mercy of a pug-nosed ex-boxer and a hard-bitten woman of middle age. Each long day, which started at five in the morning, was a nightmare. We spent most of our time sitting on hard benches in a large, bare room. During the frequent, long silent periods the smallest whisper was rewarded by a sharp blow across the face that sent you sprawling across the floor. Twice a day we had an organized period when each child was required to sing dance tunes or tell a story. I managed to satisfy the custodians by reciting nursery rhymes. One of the boys, a fifteen year-old who was mentally retarded, was less fortunate. We were grouped by time, each when his turn came around. He would stand up and shuffle nervously from foot to foot, unable to utter a sound. "Do something, damn you! Do something!" shouted the ex-boxer, his face livid with rage. When the boy was unable to respond, he was lashed across the back with a think leather strap. At night a guard patrolled the dormitory to make sure that we all slept with our hands above the blankets — a measure designed to prevent masturbation. Fragments of my sleep I would often find myself under my blankets. On more than one occasion I can recall being violently shaken from a deep sleep by the guard who was shrieking, "Those hands! Get those hands out, you dirty little pack-

At nine, reform school

My turn came to appear in juvenile court. I was charged with running away from home and stealing. The judge asked, "Do you want to go home?" When I answered yes, he said that he would try to arrange it. Several days later, when I was told to pack my things, I confidently assumed that the terrible mistake had been ironed out and that I was about to be reunited with Mr. Bradley. Instead I was taken to the shelter of the Children's Aid Society in Regina, where a social worker explained, "Dad" was would send you back home if we could. But Mr. Bradley doesn't want you at this time. We'll find a wonderful foster home for you." I refused to believe what this woman was telling me. Mr. Bradley not want me! I would have to hear it from his own lips. I sneaked from the shelter late in the railway yards and hopped a freight for Carman. Unfortunately the train was going in the wrong direction and I ended up in Swift Current, Sask., where I was picked up by the police. As a result of this escapade, I was told that I was a wicked boy and sentenced to two years in the reform school in Regina. I was nine.

At the reform school a disobedient boy was stripped and tied to a table, face down, with wet phenesteeth spread across his bare backside. Then they paddled him. In future years, some of the most vicious criminals I was to meet had been through the phenesteeth treatment. There were about a hundred and twenty boys in the school, ranging in age from nine to twenty-two, and the older boys ruled by terror. Like all the young kids, I had to regularly hand over my desserts at mealtimes or risk a twisted arm, bruised rib or black eye. Homosexuality was practised openly. At nine o'clock on Christmas morning we were asked to assemble in the dining room to receive our Christmas treat — an event that had been heralded for weeks. The treat consisted of a bowl of porridge with milk and brown sugar on it. My schooling here gave me a hatred of authority and a lot of irrational instinctive on how to be a criminal. I was particularly drawn to housebreaking and the skills I learned at the reform school were to be applied successfully at a future time.

Mr. Bradley paid me an unexpected visit. I rushed into the visitors' room full of enthusiasm but I soon lost it. My former foster father was an entirely changed person, both in appearance and manner. As a matter of fact, it was not long after that he was committed to mental hospital. He made it clear that I must abandon all hope of ever returning to him. Severing my last tie with the only happy home I had ever had was difficult. In self-defense I retreated behind a barrier of assumed toughness. "Nobody gives a damn for me and I don't give a damn for anybody." I kept repeating to myself.

After my release from reform school, between the ages of nine and sixteen, I lived in a succession of children's institutions, detention homes, foster homes and reform schools. I was continually running away. One of the reasons for this vagrancy was an overwhelming desire to escape the surveillance of a certain social worker, whom I'll call Mr. MacDonald. I was a ward of the provincial government and MacDonald was my guardian. It was unfortunate that this rigid, unimaginative, insensitive man was first in this role during that critical period in my life. When my name was being changed from Wesley Fleetman Bradley to my present name, MacDonald, repeatedly pointed out to me that the Bradleys never really cared for me. "Otherwise they



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BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

would have adapted you" he said Creating doubt in my mind about these very special people — people whom I had loved and who had loved me — robbed me of what little comfort I could salvage from the past and intensified my own feelings of unworthiness.

MacDonald was also a relevant snoopet At about this time I discovered that I had an older sister raged fourteen At our first meeting, it was evident to both of us that we had an affinity for each other and we corresponded regularly MacDonald would open my precious letters from her and hand them over to me Into it with a derogatory remark I burned with a sense of injustice, and adopted the basic criminal philosophy of seeking revenge and looking out for myself because no one else would

At times, I would sneak out into the night and sneak into homes Looking back I can see that the main object of these expeditions was not to steal but to think back at the world I was angry bored and restless and being able to outwit the law made me feel superior to other people It made me feel independent During my entire adolescence I was living within myself I had erected barriers against the outside world and I confided in no one I realized later that I had done this to protect myself from the possibility of betrayal and disappointment I unconsciously turned and repressed whatever animal human impulses I had Int sympathy love need affection

In the spring of 1936 when I was seventeen I was arrested in Saskatchewan for stealing a bicycle This simple theft set in motion a chain of events that led directly to the death cell After a five-minute trial I was given a one year prison term I was cocky and bristling with defiance On the train to the provincial jail my RCMP escort offered to remove my handcuffs if I promised to behave I replied by leaping to my feet and holding the cuffs high in the air "Hey everybody! I shouted to the forty people in the railway car Look at me!"

The warden and staff of the Saskatchewan prison were a strange emotionless crew who regarded us as depraved monsters and treated us accordingly It was during the first few harsh weeks in this jail that I made a momentous decision about my future I would become a big time criminal as soon as possible Once you set such a course certain actions must follow To engage in crime you have to use violence to make your getaway you have to steal a car to buy clothes food and shelter on the run you have to start robbing and shooting immediately My first attempt to escape was stillborn the second ended with a murder

This second plan which I had drawn up was simple enough At the exercise period, myself and a prisoner named Barney were working in the kitchen I lived in Cell Block A Barney lived in Cell Block B Since we were the last two prisoners on duty two guards — the cook night staff — remained in the kitchen until we were through Then one guard who manned the prison keys would escort me to my cell and the other would do the same to Barney I was to set the plan in motion at the very moment my guard opened my cell door I was to remain for a while concealed under the blanket of my bunk and knock the guard senseless The next step called for me to rush down the corridor and slam shut the huge steel door that separated Cell Block A from Cell Block B Then the second guard would be taken out of play Then, I was to rush back to my guard unbarn him of his keys and release the four men who were in on the break We were then to proceed to the gun cabinet in the warden's office arm ourselves and ship out the front door Once outside we were confident that our guns would get us whatever we needed I repeatedly rewarded my accomplices The plan is foolproof nothing can go wrong.

It was 7 p.m. June 12 1936 I walked from the kitchen beside my guard casually talking about baseball to conceal my excitement At my cell the guard turned the key in the lock The moment had arrived I shoved the guard inside the cell reached for the club and slugged him over the head My actions had been so rapid that he fell to the ground unconscious without uttering a sound I then sprinted down the corridor and slammed shut the steel-bar gate between the two blocks So far so good Flushed with success I rushed back to my cell to get the keys from the fallen guard As I approached I was horrified to see that the guard had risen to his feet and was now running away shouting for help At this moment planning, I hit off and panicked over I went in hot pursuit grabbing

OPEN AND SHUT CASE

One
of childhood's
longest chores
Apparently
is closing doors



Ida M. Pardee

my ninbs as I passed my cell In a few seconds, I caught up with him and jolted him with a single blow I removed the ring of keys from his belt and quickly released Barney a break-and-enter artist who was my chief accomplice As I was about to free my other friends, a loud groan came from the guard I went back to look at him Blood flowed from his head wound and he was breathing heavily I felt like a boxer who has just scored a knockout But then what his opponent doesn't get up after the ten-count he feels uneasy and puzzled because something's gone wrong This guy needs help "I said to Barney

"To hell with him" said Barney "Let's get out of here

At this crucial instant I made a decision not to leave this man while his life was in danger When the chips were down instead of saying to hell with the man who represented a system I hated I resolved to help him I knew it wouldn't go easy for me, but nevertheless, I called a halt to the escape plan Despite my bravado and years of suppressing my emotions a human life still mattered to me Looking back, I can attribute that only to the natural stirrings I received when living with the Bradleys

"First get some water" I shouted at Barney He hesitated "Get going" I said sharply I'm giving the orders here I splashed the guard's face but it didn't seem to help His breath became more labored I turned him over on his stomach and applied artificial respiration My victim began to moan softly and gasp Barney was still prodding me Damn you let's go! It's now or never I disregarded him and ran over to Cell Block B released the second guard and explained what had happened Rush over to doctor and ambulance" I said "It looks like the poor guy's dying The second guard ordered me back to my cell and ran off for help

The prison was stone silent, despite the fact that at least sixty prisoners had witnessed the violent drama that had just been enacted A few minutes later I heard the wail of the ambulance siren and then the voices and footsteps of the doctor and prison staff as they carried the wounded guard away Then more silence Eight o'clock nine ten. At eleven o'clock the deputy warden suddenly appeared at my cell door "My boy" he said in a low solemn voice you'd better start praying." Without being told, I knew then that the guard had died When the deputy warden left, the boys in the adjoining cells whispered "What's happened?" I wouldn't talk I retreated I had a numbed feeling and was too shocked to think clearly All night I paced up and down my cell smoking, I needed someone to talk to someone I could trust but there was nobody there For me there had never been anybody there

I was charged with murder the following day Did I wish to make a statement? I said only "I killed a man but I didn't intend to kill I'm not a murderer" The coroner's inquest the preliminary hearing and finally the trial in September 1936 Nature's own mysterious wisdom helped me live through the intense emotional experience of the trial My hair vanished In its place I experienced a remarkable sharpening in my intellectual faculties and my ability to concentrate I could clearly see the inconsistencies in the testimony of the witnesses and the arguments of the lawyers although I realized this wouldn't influence the final outcome of the trial My older sister now twenty-one was present. She left midway through the trial in tears It was just as well because I was always hoping she would have turned to witness her brother being condemned to die

It was Phil Davis the death watch guard who became my closest friend who played a leading part in organizing my campaign to escape the gallows He carefully wrote down the complete story of my life the story I have told here He showed it to the Protestant padre who in turn helped obtain the services of a brilliant criminal lawyer A few weeks before my appointment with death the padre came, springing towards my cell waving a piece of paper at me "It's come It's come!" he shouted It could only mean one thing I had been spared my sentence commuted to life imprisonment

Later when I was alone I sat on the edge of my bunk and made a vow to myself I've been given a second chance I'm now living a borrowed life I don't know how or when, but I promise to spend the future years usefully making amends for the terrible thing I've done.

If my life has any justification or meaning it's the fact that I've tried to be honest to live now shortly after beginning my life sentence in the Prince Albert penitentiary I started in study I completed high school and most of a university course When I was released from prison in 1952, after serving sixteen years I worked night and day for four years to make money I returned to university and a few years later graduated from the University of Toronto with the degree of Master of Social Work Since then working both inside prison and outside world my life has been devoted to the welfare of the men and women serving time behind bars I am a

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staff social worker with the John Howard Society an organization dedicated to the rehabilitation of criminals I had known my job intimately with my background I knew prisons and convicts.

The prison community is divided into two irreconcilable factions the inmates and the staff. Nobody can remain neutral In the eyes of the inmates "you're either with us or against us". I found this out during the first few weeks of my new term. Because I wanted to be alone to think things over I carefully avoided joining in with the other men in their usual talk, banter and gambling. This was so deeply resented that they put up one of their best fighters to needle me. It ended in a bloody five fight between us in the backyard. Because I succeeded in knocking him out I was treated with considerable respect from then on. But until I definitely aligned myself with the inmates they treated me with distinct coolness.

The men lost no chance to strike back at the guard who enforced the rules too rigidly. The unpopular guard soon found that his prison-made uniform fell apart at the seams and that his prison made shoes were too tight. One ill tempered guard removed his jacket on a hot day and left it on a kitchen bench. It ended up boiling in the soup tureen. No person ever civil complained to the warden about a guard. We felt that the prison system was designed to degrade us and make us suffer. If we voiced a complaint it was an admission that the penalty was succeeding. To die in prison would be the ultimate admission of defeat hence the determination of most prisoners to live out their sentences. I recall one old man with throat cancer who vowed that he'd walk out the front gates under his own steam. He put up a tremendous fight but he didn't make it.

Lacking women the majority of men engaged in homosexual practices. Affairs were common between older and younger men. One of the most flagrant offenders was a notorious safecracker in his sixties, who would spend the Bible at you at the drop of the hat. There were half a dozen couples whose relationship was so serious that they exchanged rings. A member of the younger men were prostitutes. The going rate was a package of cigarettes (about 60 cents) for a "short time" and a carton (about $3) for overnight.

You trusted no one and you minded your own business — no matter what. There was the case of Shakey Brown the killer for example who applied for parole and was turned down. The next day Shakey went around with a piece of rope in his hand saying goodbye to everybody. "I won't be here tomorrow," he said to me. "I'm going to commit suicide." He did that very night. A tall Internal serving a four year assault charge announced that he was going to leap from the third tier of cells like a trapper. Everybody stood around to watch but nobody told the guard. He jumped — but managed to survive. Another chap convinced that the prison doctor was putting "cancer seeds" in his food sent a small morsel of food to every meal looking for them. He was ignored. There was more truth than fiction in one of our poems. It went:

Sir Sug Johnson was a shit-bag con
With a loose jaw and bare chest
He'd been in the pen since Lord knows when
And he came from Lord knows where

The task of worthwhile constructive work was demoralizing. At one time our crew was engaged in a metal smelting project involving ten thousand bricks. We'd pile them up on one spot and as soon as we were finished remove them to another. Another assignment was to dig holes into which we placed the earth we got from digging the holes the day before and so on. Individual initiative was ruthlessly stamped down. The latter group received an order for a hundred guards uniforms. A bright young inmate devised a method that enabled him to cut them all out in a single day. He was chased out by the head of the shop.

"Don't you know that job's supposed to last three months?" he said. He got into further trouble in the electrical shop to which he had been transferred. For years the shop had been using a complicated method of assembling an phone connections at a cost of $1.98 each. The prisoner soon built a simplified model for fifty cents. For his pains he was given a severe tongue lashing and put on a mop- and pail gang. On one occasion when I went to the warden with a streamlined system for checking books in and out of the library, he fumed on me. "Mind your own business!"

Looking about me I could see how prison life had left many of the long timers shiftless, moonish and numb. I stubbornly refused to share their fate. I would study... and study would be my salvation. The first goal I set for myself was high-school graduation. Since no teachers were available I enrolled in the provincial department of education correspondence course and obtained the necessary textbooks and home outlines. I worked out a routine for myself. I opened my books as soon as the first shaft of morning light streamed into my cell. I got another hour of study in at noon by reading it late. Back in my cell in the evening at six I stuck to my books until the lights went out at eight. I memorized entire textbooks, word for word in subjects like physics, zoology and botany because I had no laboratory facilities to conduct the required experiments. I completed the entire high-school course in two years. At first many of the prisoners ridiculed me. Intimacy of them followed my example.

My notes were shredded

Entering university studies was more difficult. Although the University of Saskatchewan had agreed to enroll me as a correspondence student I couldn't afford to buy the necessary textbooks to get started. An unexpected source finally supplied them. A small group of guards, who liked me, took up a collection and bought them for me. In the following years the prison librarian requisitioned the books I needed and when I was through with them put them on the library shelves.

As I began to pile up university credits much to my surprise I became a hero of sorts to the inmates. They would taunt the guards: "Look we got a guy here who has more education than any of you fellows." Several of the guards began to resent me and put roadblocks in my way. One day I returned to my cell and found my precious English and psychology notes in shreds littering the floor. According to eyewitnesses it was the handiwork of a guard. There was no way more serious development. I had wangled a job in the drafting office because it was a quiet place where I could sneak to the occasional hour of study. Even more important my boss a mild man was a university graduate who was able and willing to explain parts of the course that were beyond me. Without explanation the chief guard transferred me to the busy and noisy carpentry shop.

I now can smash up against what appeared to be an insurmountable barrier. Correspondence students are required to serve one year of residence at the university. After much discussion by mail the university agreed to waive this requirement if I would complete a major study on an acceptable theme of those to which a biography on an important nineteenth century Canadian historical figure. Having been granted mailing privileges by the warden I gathered together some four hundred reference books from half a dozen university libraries. From the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa and from the Provincial Archives in Quebec. I also corresponded with scores of individuals in Canada and the United States who were able to supply me with unpublished data. Since much of the material was in French I put myself in the hands of a French-Canadian lifer who taught me to read and write French.

I ended up by writing a 100,000 word thesis, which earned me three credits. When parts of it were later published, it drew favorable comments from historians. Considering all the circumstances, I regard this biography as the crowning achievement of my prison career.

By 1949 (first ten years of sleeping) I had accumulated thirteen of the fifteen credits needed for earning a Bachelor of Arts degree. I couldn't go after the remaining two credits. They were granted for physics and biology and laboratory facilities were absolutely essential.

Then after sixteen years, I was released on parole. This meant that I would be under the supervision of parole officials for at least two years. A job had been found for me with an accounting firm. I felt the grim fortress that had been my home for sixteen years with the clothes on my back, $114 I had earned and a small bundle of letters. The most precious were from my two sisters. I was surprised to learn when I was in prison that I had a young niece born just before my mother died. She was now living in Winnipeg with her husband and two children.

It was a very fast moving confusing unfamiliar world I now entered. I hesitated at sidewalk curbs terrified by speeding cars. I was startled by the shrillness of children's voices. I was thrilled by things other people took for granted.

The sight of trees bending to the breeze — the privilege of being able to walk long or five miles in one direction.

The stars and moon at night. Women frightened me. I was overwhelmed by the fragrance of their perfume and the delicacy of their manners. My sexual instincts had been repressed for so long that I had no desire to possess a woman. This instinct was to remain within a few months and I fell madly in love with the first woman who accepted me after knowing about my past. This accidentally is the hazard of all long inmates. Fresh from prison I found that women are much more understanding and forgiving than men. I was to confide in three women, and in every case they said "What sort we done in all past. It's the future that counts." The fourth woman who expressed this sentiment was to become my wife. It's been a happy marriage blessed with two children.

I had to learn the skills of ordinary living again. I struggled awkwardly with the many pieces of military put before me at mealtime. I didn't know the price of such familiar items as a cup of coffee or a bus ticket. I didn't even know how much postage to put on a letter. I had to guard my language lest I slip back into prison jargon where a young lad was a "gazoonie" a slice of bread a "dummy," a package of tobacco "a deck of weed." I invented a story to fill in the gap in my past. I had held various jobs in Saskatchewan where I had been working my way through college. When I moved into my first rooming house I was betrayed by a lank of suitcase or wardrobe. "Where have you been — in jail?" asked one of the roomers. I explained that a fire had just cleaned me out.

Strangely enough I felt nostalgic for the penitentiary. After the first sense of exhilaration I wondered what all the guys back in the pen were doing. For sixteen years I had been fighting a system and now suddenly there was nothing to fight. Gradually the hatred and bitterness faded away and I said to myself "The prison part of my life is over. I must go on from here."

During the next four years I worked at accounting and office jobs. I worked nights to earn extra money. In 1956 when my bank account reached $9,000 I attended the summer session of the University of Saskatchewan and completed my BA. I immediately applied for admission to the University of Toronto School of Social Work. Why do you want to become a social worker?" the professor in charge of admissions asked me. I had my answer ready. "I've been the victim of bad social casework. With some training I'm sure I can do a much better job."

I received my degree with the deep feeling of satisfaction that can come only from having achieved a long-cherished goal. I immediately went to work for the John Howard Society which required me to pay regular visits to the penitentiary



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where I had served my life sentence. The prospect frightened me. Would the stiff accept me as a professional man? Would my old buddies try to take advantage of me? I was relieved to discover that my fears were unfounded. My old lines of communication were still intact and within a few hours of entering the front gates I knew more about what was going on than the guards. My presence created a profound impression. Dozens of inmates approached me and asked, "Is it true you did life here?" When I said yes they smiled and walked away.

One of the first prisoners I was asked to see was a lad of eighteen. He had just completed the first year of a life sentence for murder. And before my arrival he had attempted to commit suicide by hanging, for the second time. He refused to eat or talk to anybody. I slipped into his bare cell on all and sat down on the mattress on the floor beside him. He was a handsome, frightened boy with an intelligent face. He didn't look up. As I began to tell him about my past he frowned intensely and plied me with questions. "There is a possible to get out," he said unbelievingly. He told me that he had decided to kill himself because, he confided, face the prospect of doing twenty years or more for a crime he committed when he was twelve years was a different matter. "How did you put in your time?" he asked. I told him about my studies. Make a long, long plan with landmarks along the way." I advised him. When he told me about his interest in mechanical engineering, I urged him to start working on his high school graduation at once and that when he was finished I would see that he could go to university.

In the next hour I gave him a lot of advice based on my own experiences. I urged him to pick his friends carefully. "Get in with a group interested in improving themselves. Even if you have only two or three friends that's enough." I suggested that for his own protection he limit his close friends to long-termers. "Short-termers look at their problems differently and anyway when they're released you get depressed because there's no way of keeping in touch with them." Before leaving prison I asked two long-termers I knew well—an embezzler and a murderer—to take an interest in the lad. They were both kindly and reliable men. When I saw this boy three months later he was back at his regular job he was studying hard and his outlook was cheerful.

Because of my background I have come to a number of conclusions about the business of crime criminals and rehabilitation. I want to start by saying something about my own profession—social work.

I think that many social workers are ineffective in dealing with criminals because they are inexperienced. Too soft for emotional and frail to distinguish between the tough I who is not to expect them and the man who is anxious to go straight. It is not difficult to fool the social worker. When you consider that most prisoners have fifteen hours a day to think up persuasive stories. When a man comes to me and says, "I'm finished with crime," my reply is, "Show me. I'll judge you by what you do not by what you say." Three out of ten will have he can demonstrate sincerity. He can drop his friends who are professional criminals. This is not easy. In the prison culture, he becomes known as a Square John or a fink and you are apt to be shunned by the majority of inmates. The prisoner has to attempt to improve his language, and spend at least some of his time reading and studying.

Perhaps most important is a man's attitude to work. I tell my prisoners that whatever their job in prison is, they must start doing it well. I explain, "If you're serious about going straight, you have to learn a new game called *honest life*. The rules are that you exchange so many hours of hard work for a certain amount of money. That's the way you have to play it if you're going to succeed outside. If you're going to play a game and not know the rules, you're a chowder head."

Many prisoners accept the advice. I'm thinking of the armed robber. He was thirty-two, and he was doing twelve years. He got himself off from his old buddies, began writing, regularly to his wife, and apprenticed himself to the barbershop to learn a trade. This man has been out for nine years now. He owns his own business and is widely known in his community for his hobby club work.

On the other hand large numbers of criminals make pious declarations to the



MACLEAN'S

special worker in the hope of gaining favor without any intention of reforming. I'm thinking of the university graduate who masterminded a series of bank robberies that netted him $30,000 in three months. He sees crime as a way of earning a living. I'm also thinking of the thief and robber who at forty-eight had spent more than half his life behind bars. "I think I can make it this time if you give me a head," he said. I took him into my house for a week, placed him in a job and then moved him into a room paying two weeks' rent in advance. Staying out of trouble was a desperate struggle for him. Once he phoned me. "I'm drunk and I thought of breaking into a house but I worried about what you and your wife would think of me so I rushed back to my room." Not long after that I went away on a three week vacation. I returned to find that my charge had disappeared. A few months later I had a letter from him written from a penitentiary outside my jurisdiction. I didn't think I could keep bothering you so I went out of town and got in trouble there." He wrote. I don't think all the prison psychiatrists and social workers in the world will change each man. I doubt if the professional criminal will ever be informed he retires when he gets sick and tired of dodging the police and spending time in the hinkat.

Many criminals fail to go straight because they feel unwanted, unworthy and alien to society. I try to help such people by carefully searching their past for a period where they enjoyed a warm relationship with another person and having them fully recall it both intellectually and emotionally. Then the life who is going to be released soon, for example. The most important figure in his life was his late uncle. When the prisoner was a lad this kindly man used to take him on fishing and hunting trips. He never failed to remember the boy on his birthday or at Christmas. We often talk about the man he loved so well. You can have relationships like that again, I tell him.

Sometimes I try to create a situation that will lead to a criminal's feeling needed and worthy. I had one inmate, Mac, a rubber who was released after serving sixteen years. He was a bitter, lonely man of fifty-three and he found it difficult to make friends. It's too tough, I want to go back to the pen," he would often say. When a community club invited him to become a volunteer instructor in leathercraft, he refused. I urged him to accept, out of the goodness of his heart. "I've got no heart," he said. In my office one day I introduced Mac to a twenty-year-old lad who had just been released and asked him if he could get him a job at the plant where he worked. He did. From then on Mac kept his eye on the kid, scolding him when never he got out of line. You'll wind up like me if you're not careful," he'd tell him. A few months later he took charge of another young man. He helped get him shop, lent clothes, found him a job and invited a room for him. When ever Mac becomes discouraged or depressed I bolster his spirits by saying, "You've got reason to be proud. There are two kids building decent lives because of you." When I last heard of Mac he had started giving leathercraft instruction at the community club. The people he meets there is a source of great comfort to him.

I think that the whole idea of man serving helping another has wonderful possibilities under the proper supervision. I have a planner coming out after serving eight years on a drug count. To help him I've set up a committee of two prominent businessmen and an ex-con who has successfully completed his parole. The businessman and I are the parolee a mutual friend and his wife, the ex-prisoner can discuss his problems in a language he understands.

One of my most difficult tasks as a prison social worker is to act as a go between between inmates and their wives. Is my wife faithful?" is a frequent question. I try to answer this question as fully as possible for the inmate aware that the word "faithful" has a special connotation in the prison setting. For economic reasons many women temporarily live with other men but intend to live with their husbands when they are released. Many men in ask in accept the fact realistically and without bitterness. Often of course a prison term ends a marriage. On a number of occasions I have told prisoners bluntly. Your wife is living with another man, she's going to have a baby and she doesn't want you back. This frankness almost always pays off. The prisoner's response is "Thank God somebody told me." Certainly in these matters is evidently much better than guessing death and suspension.

Before sending a married man home I coach him on how to approach his wife. Take your time. I advise him. Because you've been gone a long time there's bound to be some strangeness. My most appointment was a burglar. He was twenty-eight and had completed three year sentence. Back in his home town he checked into a hotel and phoned his wife. "I'd like to take you to dinner and a movie tonight," he told her. I'll pick you up when you're through work." He courted her for a week—flowers, candy, dancing, sweet words and all. It took most of the $60 he had saved during the prison term, but I think it was a wise investment. At the end of the week they had grown accustomed to each other and began living together again.

I want to say something about murder and the death sentence. Having been a convicted murderer myself and having known forty-one murderers to my life-span I can sum up my views quickly: Murderers are seldom habitual murderers are more apt to be emotional, law-abiding citizens than those convicted of other crimes and finally the death sentence is not a deterrent to murder.

It may sound strange to say that a murderer is seldom a criminal but this is the only honest conclusion I can record. I recently studied the histories over a twenty year period of ninety-eight men convicted of murder who later were released from prison. All but one formed a respectable place for themselves in society. Most murderers are young people and not young men who have escaped the gallows show a greater reverence for life than most other people. One of them told me, "I now realize how I would have liked to be treated. The safe keeping in my study was a man who should never have been executed. He was a psychopath who acted in gaol to his room and strangled her. I knew him to prison. He was a bitter, vicious, unrepentant creature who hated for revenge. When I get out here, somebody's gonna pay for this," he vowed. Those of us who served time with him felt that he should have been kept behind bars. Six months after he was given his freedom he strangled another girl.

Most murderers I've known were accidental criminals. They had no previous convictions. Owing to a special set of circumstances, they lost control for a split second. They acted in the white heat of passion not necessarily intending to kill. At no time was the thought of the cause a consideration. I'm thinking of Alec, the thirty-year-old father of three children. When Alec was at work his brother, a husky brute, would persuade his wife to go away with him, leaving the children unattended. When Alec complained the brother would beat him up. One day Alec learned that his brother and wife were at a motel. He broke into their room, carrying his shotgun for protection. In the ensuing quarrel his brother was fatally wounded. I'm thinking of Pete, a seventeen year old boy who was continually being bullied by his brother. He appealed to his father for relief in vain. After a day of unpaid aggravation Pete shot his brother dead.

I've known these men and many, many others like them. Society sets out to punish them for their acts but this punishment that makes them good people feel. More often than not this punishment only serves to embitter them and to themselves. Conscientious men who, by their very environment, are overwhelmed by remorse. The acute realization of what they've done tends to such severe depression that they seek themselves. Do I deserve to live? They are eager to make good to have a purpose in life. They're not worried about committing another crime then mean concentric. "Will I be as good and as valuable a person as I want to be?"

I know all this. There's been the story of my life. ★

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U. S. Report continued from page 7

"We've been lied about and smeared," a prober told me. Then he went back to the Norman case

[illegible]



'Faster!'

...un-American activities, the smearers or the smeared? Obviously both these bodies have done their share of smearing, have overworked the doctrine of guilt by association and have paid scant attention to the right of the accused under British and American law to confront and cross-examine his accuser and to have the charges against him clearly specified.

Yet they have been blamed for at least one thing they couldn't help—Joe McCarthy. He didn't belong to either of them but to the government operations committee of the Senate. He invaded their bailiwick because he was hungry for headlines. Although they regarded him as an interloper and in a sense a competitor, they suffered from being linked with him in the public mind.

They have also suffered from the fact that the public has a tendency to think that they are conducting trials. Actually the function of congressional committees is to gather information. When members of the internal security subcommittee grill Pauling they are ostensibly searching for information that might throw light on whether the law relating to Communist front organizations should be amended. Pauling is not on trial, nor is he charged with any offense. He is a witness. But when witnesses like Pauling are subpoenaed the proceedings often take on the aspect of a trial. Other witnesses are questioned to bring out testimony about the record of the principal witness — whether he has associated with Communists, attended Communist front meetings, signed Communist front petitions or been a known member of the Communist party. Testimony derogatory to the principal witness may be produced by investigators who have received uncorroborated reports from informers who remain nameless and faceless, this being defended on the grounds that if the informers were identified they would no longer be useful to investigating committees or the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and that potential informers would therefore be discouraged from coming forward.

Then, when the principal witness is called, he is plied with questions calculated to incriminate not only himself but others. If he falls back on the Fifth Amendment, which was written into the U.S. constitution to protect individuals from being forced to make self-incriminating confessions, he is automatically branded as a man with guilty secrets. If he lies he may be convicted of perjury and imprisoned. If he doesn't rely on the Fifth Amendment but refuses on moral grounds to give the committee the information it wants, as Pauling did when he was asked the names of those who helped him circulate the petition for a ban on nuclear tests, he may be charged with contempt. This, too, can mean imprisonment. Pauling has been given time to think over his decision, but even if he sticks to his original stand — that he won't reveal the names of those who helped him—the law may be on his side. There is a ruling by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of John T. Watkins vs the United States that there is no congressional power to expose for the sheer sake of exposure, and that the exposure must serve some purpose. The court dismissed a charge of contempt against Watkins, a union organizer who refused to name former Communists with whom he had once associated.

The judgment is one of the results of efforts of some of the outstanding lawyers of the U.S. to fight practices which, as they see it, endanger civil liberties. These lawyers include men of such stature as Thurman Arnold, who was professor of law at Yale from 1931 to 1938 and assistant attorney-general of the United States from 1938 to 1943; Paul A. Porter, formerly chairman of the Federal Communications Commission and at one time a special ambassador to the Near East; and Joseph L. Rauh, who was formerly law secretary to Mr. Justice Benjamin Cardozo and Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter and is now Washington counsel for major labor unions.

Lawyers who champion the cause of civil liberties have fought scores of cases from one court to another in the last ten years. Sometimes they have lost, sometimes they have won. For years they have managed to keep a semblance of a checkrein on congressional committees.

While the congressional investigating committees still hit the headlines fairly regularly with incidents like the controversial subpoenaing of Linus Pauling, they are less flamboyant and more careful than they were a few years ago. And even their critics admit that they do occasionally expose conditions that need to be exposed and bring about legislative action that needs to be brought about. ★

ALL EARS

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THOMAS USK

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"If Papen captured, don't intern, send him to an asylum," the reply read

Lisbon employed him to find out specifically what the food situation in England really was, where the London AA guns were located and the truth about first-night industrial potential.

Bergeron's spy pay was rather quickly put to £25 a month. He got all his information from bottle minds and the London daily papers. Finally it even became too much of a chore to get the stuff into the diplomatic pouch so he took to sending it in mail to addresses already high on the British censor's stop list. In the end, having accomplished absolutely nothing in the way of spying, he was fired, arrested, tried and jailed — a harsh fate for one who might better have been exhibited at Mme. Tussaud's.

Two more spies whose ineptitude came to no end through stupidity were the agents Hitler dispatched to Scotland to finish off Rudolf Hess after Hess flew the coop with his own plan for world peace. These men were landed in a rubber boat on the Scottish shore. They separated and arranged a rendezvous in Edinburgh. One went into a village station to wait for the next train and, feeling hungry, pulled out of his pocket a huge liverwurst. Since meat was extremely scarce and that type of sausage quite unknown in Britain, the stationmaster became suspicious and called the police. Within a week the second spy was picked up at the rendezvous.

The same lack of common sense prevailed in a spy ring operating in New York in the 1940s. It consisted mostly of German-American Bundists whose sympathies were already well known to the police. They met regularly in a German restaurant in Yorktown, the German section of Manhattan, and used as their postal drop a German bookstore in the same district. Small fry though they undoubtedly were, they might have managed to do some damage if it had occurred to them to meet at Childs or the Automat and to place their operative in the book department of, say, Macy's or Gimbels.

Then there was the German spy who was sent to Ottawa late in 1943. Liberally supplied with money, he spent freely, took long walks in the Gatineau Hills, and when the tide of war turned strongly in the Allies' favor gave himself up to the RCMP, asserting that since he had done *absolutely* nothing in the way of spying he was guilty of nothing and should be given asylum. He was held in custody until the war's end and deported.

More dramatic defections have occurred in the last fifteen years and out of them one fact emerges clearly: every Soviet embassy, consulate or trade mission is a center of espionage.

But Soviet efficiency is often impeded by the plotting and denunciation that appear to go on constantly in these establishments abroad. Shortly before Vladimir Petrov, head of Soviet espionage in Australia, fled the embassy and sought political sanctuary in 1954, Mrs. Petrov was accused of throwing a pin in the face of the ambassador's wife. Within twenty-four hours details of this pie in the eye act had been dutifully relayed to Moscow.

"Soviet intelligence," an ex-Communist spy comments, "is based on quantity, but a quantitative basis means much abuse, much nonsense and pomposity, and very much money."

The booby prize of the century should undoubtedly have gone to Franz von Papen for the part he played in Germany's espionage in both world wars.

As military attaché in the U.S. in 1915 Papen enchanted the British by keeping careful track of his agents, their lines, names and addresses, in a file marked Disbursements to Spies. He also kept his copy of the latest code where it would be handiest, in his desk drawer, unlocked.

His subordinate, Franz Rintelen, organized a brilliant sabotage campaign against Atlantic shipping, causing eight-shaped explosives to be placed in the holds of ships carrying munitions. Rintelen was personally responsible for sinking thousands of tons of Allied shipping and played hob with ship-loading by fomenting a series of dockworkers' strikes and organizing a longshoremen's union that paid innumerable strike benefits. However, he was fighting the battle almost single-handed and very much up hill with Papen in charge of things, and he was recalled to Germany.



Papen then sent Berlin a message (in a code the British had cracked) to say that Rintelen would be arriving as a neutral national aboard a certain ship. British naval intelligence met the ship as it touched at Plymouth and politely escorted Germany's most successful saboteur to an internment camp.

Later, Papen was handed his walking papers by the U.S. government. He left for Germany with several trunks filled with secret documents. Although his person was guaranteed diplomatic immunity, British authorities at Falmouth, where his ship stopped briefly, ruled that his trunks were not. They confiscated everything, much to the attaché's indignation and the considerable benefit of British Intelligence.

A few months later Papen was in Palestine where he escaped from his tent in Nazareth one jump ahead of General Allenby, leaving as usual a slew of secret papers behind him. When this news was relayed to London it is said to have provoked the following reply: "Forward papers. If Papen captured do not intern, send him to a lunatic asylum."

Strangely enough, Hitler never did seem to realize the extent of Papen's incompetence. At any rate in 1939 he made him German ambassador to Turkey. Here Papen pulled off the prize boner of his career.

To understand this bit of espionage insanity it's necessary to know something of the German intelligence system at that time — or rather of it. For that in fact was the trouble: there was no one system and there was no top authority. Instead there was a plethora of individual secret services in Germany, all in competition with one another.

There was the Abwehr, or military intelligence, headed by Admiral Wilhelm Canaris and Walther Nicolai, and there was the Nachrichtendienst, or Special Security Police division of the Gestapo, headed by Ernst Kaltenbrunner. Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop had his own intelligence service, as did Heinrich Himmler, Hermann Goering and Alfred Rosenberg, to name but a few.

Kaltenbrunner, head of the security police, maintained an agent in every one of Ribbentrop's embassies. The two men hated each other. Ribbentrop and Papen likewise hated each other. The cultured, devoutly Catholic Papen held the social-climbing Nazi in contempt, but as ambassador he was responsible to Ribbentrop.

Thus Papen was running the embassy in Ankara at the orders of a man who hated him, and could count on interference from another man who not only despised his boss but was head of the country's security police as well.

Kaltenbrunner's agent in the Ankara embassy was Lieutenant L. C. Moyzisch, ostensibly an attaché. His real job was to keep tab on the embassy staff, including the ambassador, and send regular reports to Berlin. In spite of their being in opposite camps he developed a doting admiration for the aristocratic Papen and regarded him as a first-class diplomat. Such is the mentality of security police.

In the fall of 1943 Moyzisch was approached by an Albanian, the valet of the British ambassador, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, and offered a roll of film. It was said to contain pictures of the contents of Sir Hughe's safe. Moyzisch consulted Papen, the ambassador consulted Berlin, and Berlin agreed to buy the film for £20,000 with the promise of more to come.

Then began one of the most outlandish episodes in the bizarre history of espionage: Operation Cicero. Roll after roll of films of secret British papers were delivered to Moyzisch, who developed them, paid for them and sent them to Berlin. There Ribbentrop and Kaltenbrunner wrangled over what would be done with the information they contained.

When Ribbentrop kept some rolls from Kaltenbrunner, Kaltenbrunner ordered Moyzisch to send the stuff direct to him and not through Papen to Ribbentrop. On no account was he to let Papen see any more of it.

Moyzisch obeyed this order until he developed the picture of a report that showed that Turkey was prepared to permit the infiltration of British servicemen. This was of such importance that Moyzisch took it at once to Papen.

Papen thereupon paid a call on the Turkish foreign minister, demanding an explanation. Turkey was supposed to be neutral. As soon as the Turk could get rid of the indignant German ambassador he in turn rushed to call on the British ambassador. Sir Hughe realized that Papen's knowledge could come only through a leak in the embassy. Security regulations were tightened immediately. Papen had effectively cut off his own most valuable source of information.

The most ludicrous part of Operation Cicero is that the Germans made no use of the photographs taken by the ambassador's valet. In Germany, Ankara was not regarded as a sufficiently important post to warrant the information that came out of Sir Hughe's safe. Berlin remained suspicious of its authenticity to the end, although it was as bona fide as Churchill himself.

The Germans were often victims of the kind of error and their lack of method and system resulted in the capture of a good many of their agents. British spy training, on the other hand, seems to have been a much more individual affair. Where the Germans seem to have depended on turning out a mass of competent agents, the British concentrated on a few really expert ones.

American spies have been noted for their love of debunking. A most *juste*. In 1944 a member of the Office of Strategic Services, for example, sent Hitler probably the most unusual postcard the Führer ever got, if he ever got it, and signed it: "An American officer already in Germany." The message itself was very short and very rude.

Such bewildering bravado would not occur to a woman in the same circumstances. But although they're essentially more cautious, women spies are usually even less useful than men. Sir Basil Thomson, director of intelligence at Scotland Yard in the first war, declared that if he had his way he would never employ women. "They do not make good spies," Sir Basil said.

The glamorous expansion of him and woman who seduces the high-ranking officer and obtains the plans of the fort or the rocket-launching site, or who is turned, is just as apt to have the tables turned on her and fall genuinely in love with her victim. Then he seduces her and she winds up betraying her own country.

Yet women spies capture the imagination and are usually rated out of all proportion to their actual accomplishments. For example, Mata Hari spent money and she spent her love and time — she was a greedy woman with the morals of a mink. She had an infinite capacity for both. But her life as a spy was so flawed that she was betrayed to the French by her own spymaster. Wilhelm Canaris, and was shot by a firing squad.

Yet even an accepted master of spying like Canaris can make a wrong move — in 1944 he took part in the plot against Hitler and was subsequently executed by the Nazis.

Shooting spies in wartime or jailing them during periods of peace seems to have as much deterrent effect on espionage as capital punishment has on murder. Like sex and baseball, spying will go on.

Perhaps the silliest episode of all is the Case of the Missing Code Book which took place at the Italian embassy in Berlin in 1929. A Yugoslav spy approached an attaché's secretary and offered her a large sum of money if he could borrow the code book overnight. Figuring that if a poor country could pay so well, a rich one could pay even better, the lady made a deal with the French ambassador, pinched the book. Well and doubly paid for her trouble she tried to return it the following morning and was dismayed to find that her boss was already in the office and there was no way of sneaking it back. After a lunch during which the ambassador came in to find out why work was moving so slowly, whereupon the attaché confessed that the code book was gone. So terrified were the two men of what Mussolini would do to them when he found out that they decided not to report the matter at all but to try to figure out all messages from Rome from what they remembered of the code.

The secretary was never suspected and after a suitable interval was able to resign and presumably to retire. The code, in the head system of communication, wobbled along for five months before word of the thing reached officialdom in Rome and the entire staff was recalled to face the wrath.

No doubt our country must keep tabs on other countries. Perhaps it's necessary for us to maintain a hard core of anonymous intelligence all over the world sending back fact and falsehood and future for our government to assess and it's hoped act upon.

But with today's carefully controlled official leaks, with spy spying upon counterspy, and international plots countering plots at every stage surreptitiously — with all this and the grisly prospect of the total destruction of all people that on earth do dwell staring us in the face, he seems to have had a point, that character who first remarked: "Military intelligence is a contradiction in terms." ★



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Dogs: their new, high life continued from page 13

Discriminating fanciers eschew popular breeds, partly to distinguish themselves from the mob

is slowly slipping out of favor largely because indiscriminate breeding has weakened its character and physique.

As soon as a breed becomes a craze its quality declines. Establishments known in the dog world as puppy factories cash in on the trend. They produce large numbers of debilitated litters by mating the bitches each time they come into season — twice a year — and by inbreeding brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters and sons and mothers. Pups bred by these methods sell in pet shops for as little as twenty-five dollars each or half the lowest price of a good purebred pup.

Good kennelmen go in for what they call line breeding. They mate bitches only once a year. They will mate relatives to emphasize good points and suppress detrimental points. They will mate cousins, uncles and nieces, nephews and aunts and grandparents and grandchildren but they rarely bring together closer relatives. Often they send bitches to sires many miles away and pay stud fees of a hundred to four hundred dollars a service. Thomas Adams says: "It costs between forty dollars and seventy-five dollars to whelp and raise a good purebred three-month-old pup."

Writers in dog magazines have warned kennelmen that the inbreeding that is now wrecking the poodle may wreck the popular beagle. According to these experts inbreeding has ruined the once popular cocker spaniel and Irish setter and has almost wiped out the Ibizan hound, a breed that was in vogue in the Twenties and Thirties.

Dog fanciers of discrimination, wealth and fashion eschew popular breeds partly because they are aware of the perils of inbreeding and partly because they wish to distinguish themselves from less-fortunate people. Adams, who runs a kennel at Unionville near Toronto in addition to holding his Canadian Kennel Club job, breeds the West Highland white terrier, a little dog that goes into many affluent homes. His lowest price is a hundred dollars a pup. The late Mrs. Eileen Buchanan of Toronto, who was an internal breeder, and a nationally known Kerry blue terrier. Mrs. Betty Hyslop of Brockville, Ontario, another wealthy breeder, specializes in Cairn, Dandie and Cairn terriers. None of them has ever been a best-selling dog.

The most aristocratic dog in Canada today is the Weimaraner. Introduced from Germany ten years ago, it's a hunting animal, a little more than a foot tall but big enough to require a spacious home. There are fewer than five hundred Weimaraners in this country.

Miss Jay Whalen of Toronto, who is secretary of the Weimaraner Club of Canada, says: "Our members control the breed by mating bitches only every eighteen months and by destroying within two days of birth all weak pups."

In consequence of this husbandry, the average adult Weimaraner trained for hunting changes hands at between a thousand and two thousand five hundred dollars. The pups, if you can get one, cost at least a hundred and fifty dollars.

Last year Canada's five thousand breeders sold forty thousand purebred pups for more than two million dollars. In peddling the normal ten year lifespan of such valued livestock, owners have abandoned almost entirely the habit of feeding pets on scraps. Instead they buy commercial dog foods. Sales of dog biscuits and canned meat have trebled since 1945. Last year Canadian dog owners paid twelve million dollars for seventy-five thousand tons of canned victuals based on meat, meal and linseed oil.

Dozens of packing companies that once produced only human food have entered the dog food business. This business pays their recipes on diets tested for balance in their own experimental kennels.

Generally speaking dog foods are excellent. Mark J. Martin, a Ottawa Colorado veterinarian, believes that half the dogs in the United States are suffering from kidney trouble caused by the overeating not of commercial canned food but of rich human food that is not suitable for them. To prove his point Martin conducted a special diet for young Kerry dogs. This prolonged the lives of such dogs for an average of six years — a boon to the blind.

Most packing companies use beef in their dog diets but Quaker Oats of Canada ships to horseflesh and is concerned about a growing shortage of horses. Soon the company may have to start breeding horses just to feed dogs. There's also a lot of talk about getting whale meat for dogs but international agreements limiting the killing of whales make this project a bit complicated.

For a leather collar $149

Dog owners now like to clothe their pets as well as they feed them. In 1959 they spent three quarters of a million dollars in Canada on collars, leads, baskets, foam-rubber cushions, blankets, coats, trim booties, pajamas, brushes, combs, soaps, powders and perfumes designed for dogs. Some are sold in pet shops and others in the dog beauty parlors that have sprung up over the past few years in every Canadian metropolitan.

Arthur Greenwood of St. Laurent, Quebec, a wartime Ferry Command pilot, started in a shoestring ten years ago as an importer of English dog collars. Today he's the leading figure in the trade and handles some of Canada's most expensive dog accessories. Some of his stock collars — morocco leather, pigskin and goatskin — sell for a hundred dollars apiece.

Dorothy Lamoureux Ltd. of Montreal, once a small backyard plant, is now a fashionable store at which women order custom-made mink coats for dogs at prices ranging up to five hundred dollars. Doodles also sells — for dogs — French sailor suits with pom-poms, furs, car coats with wooden toggles, snow-suits with detachable hoods. Kennel No. 5 perfume, or Madame Renaudin's pyjamas, terrycloth bathrobes and the Pussy Cotton Vest, an autumn garment made of corduroy.

Edith Waslin, one of the Doodles staff, says: "We've sold collars studded with precious stones for two thousand dollars. She admits that her company rarely sells

some of the lines ... but adds: Rabbies boots and raincoats for dogs are quite serviceable things to buy, especially in Montreal in winter. The boots keep the irritating salt out of the dog's paws and the coat keeps its hair dry. Also the dog doesn't mess up the floor when it gets home."

Miss Wasley is no less a judge of specially limited ... kennels, which are not ... about a hundred ... dollars ... "Mrs. ... is a puppy ... to get a good ... possible ... at eight ... with ... still with ... customers ... last Mrs. Wasley ... was ...

One of the biggest Canadian buyers of dog garments is Mrs. David Cooker, daughter of M. J. Boylen, the Toronto mining millionaire. Mrs. Cooker likes her ... since ... Mrs. Cooker ... her ... in which ... is a ... black ... sweaters ... by ... The ... one of the ... pups ... to the ... Mrs. Cooker ... named ... Wellington Whippet ... a ... in their ... Toronto social life ...

Money spent on dogs now goes far beyond food and clothing. Little shops make handsome profits out of grooming. Such ... of dog owners ... they ... own ... for ... and ... about ... most ... are ... whose ... are purchased by ... frequently ... company ...

Ninety per cent of Canada's vets now make their living ... from small animals ... year ... as ... in ... the ... a ... of ... there ... dogs ... to ... in ... at ... Toronto ... for ... a hundred thousand dollars ... have ... rooms ... at ... of ...

Dogs undergo surgery for all manner of ailments that humans suffer ... of the ... of the ... and ... vets ... the ... of ... In ... the ... dog ... when ... their ... Cocker ... and ... said ... in the ... of ... in ...

Like doctors, veterinarians lives in ... a ... the ... of ... since ... the ... at the ... in ... Toronto ... of ... Ultimately ... the ... on ... Dr. ... Unhoused ... Dr. ... the ... At ... of ... the ...

In the United States veterinarians ... of ... Several ... dogs ... her ... Ancre ... Mrs. Alan Wetzel ... of the ... best dog psychiatrist.

Nigel Aubrey Jones, Canada's most successful professional dog breeder, is a frequent critic of the ... dog ... He is

opposed for example to what he calls ... old-fashioned ... dog owners who ... in ... animal hospital ... to ... the health of a pet ... in ... a ... Your little Rover has passed a good night."

Aubrey Jones says: "Some vets deliberately keep ... a doomed dog just to ... the ... will ... and two dollars a day ... I know ... it ... certainly ... of ... their ... dollars ... on ... of the ... canal that is supposed to offset ...

Other tips says Aubrey Jones ... of ... dogs ... They ... to ... that ... when ... a dog's throat ... still ... in the show ring ... Then ... expensive ... for ... in ... of the ... and ... Aubrey Jones, a Welsh-born Habitual ... in ... that ... has himself prospered ... in the dog business. Seven years ago he was ... to ... Toronto ... a ... Montreal ... a ... dollars a week. Today with a ... William Taylor, a ... Wan

tube, he owns outright a breeding kennel worth seven five thousand dollars at Ste. Thérèse northwest of Montreal.

A common background in dog fancy ... brought Aubrey Jones and Taylor together. They borrowed a hundred dollars from a bank as the first month's rent on a Decarie Boulevard store in Montreal and began trimming poodles. They also bred poodles in the back yard and Aubrey Jones went down to the night clubs of ... and sold them to the ...

From poodles they branched into



They linked the land with steam and steel

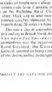
From as far as Montreal, on the other side of the St. Lawrence, people trekked to watch the excitement on that sunny July day in 1836. Dressed in their Sunday finery, the habitant families gathered expectantly along the sixteen miles of bright new railway track that ran through the quiet countryside from Laprairie on the St. Lawrence to St. Johns on the Richelieu River. Children shrieked with delight as a shiny black engine and two gaily painted coaches slithered by at a breath-taking 20 miles an hour!

This was a day to remember. The first rail trip in British North America was a great adventure. On this momentous occasion was the occasion that Lord Gosford, the Governor General, invested on being a member of the distinguished passenger list.

This railway, the Champlain and St. Lawrence, cut many miles from the roundabout water route between Montreal and New York. Though short and quite crudely constructed, it was nevertheless the forerunner of a tremendous engineering feat—the building of the railways that tied Canada together! Completed just 48 years later, that railway was the longest in the world! Canadians also engineered one of the world's longest railway tunnels when they blasted a 5 mile spiral passage through the Rockies in 1916.

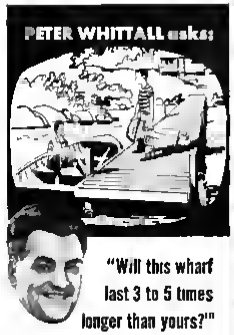
Today Canada has nearly 60,000 miles of railway track, more track per capita than any other country in the world. Truly the dreams of the pioneer railway builders are more than fulfilled!

Throughout the years, men of imagination have worked for the security and safety of Canadians. Today, for example, your Confederation Life man devotes his energies to building security for you and your family. Quietly, constantly, he is working to build a better future for all the Confederation Life way.



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Pekingese and sold one pup to a Montreal woman for fifty dollars. A few months later the woman asked them to buy back the pup at the same price, because she could no longer keep it. "When we talked about it on the telephone," says Aubrey Jones, "we were bawling. But when we saw the pup we nearly lumped the loop. It had turned out to be a really purebred show dog. The partners bought it back and sold it later for twenty-five hundred dollars in an American exhibition. It became Champion Bingo of Elsdon and changed hands recently for seventy-five hundred dollars.

The weighty linked Aubrey Jones and Taylor to buy a hundred-and-fifty-year-old farm at Six Thereve and begin dealing in dogs by hundreds. While they split breed poodles for the popular market Aubrey Jones and Taylor sell to their upper-crust customers a droll little purebred named the Brussels griffon. And they advertise themselves by showing Pekingese—a sturdy-selling, but unappealing breed—all over Canada and the United States.

One of their Pekingese, Chik T'Sun of Caversham, became Dog of the Year in Canada in 1956. The patriotic sold it for an unheralded ten thousand dollars to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Venables of Atlanta, Georgia. Last February, at the West minster Kennel Club in New York, Chik T'Sun took Best in Show, the highest in colonie a dog can receive on this continent.

After Chik T'Sun's 1956 Canadian triumph Aubrey Jones and Taylor made a valiant attempt to buy his grandfather, one Caversham Kin Kin of Yam. Kin Kin then belonged to Mrs. Mary de Pledge of Berkshire, England, who had bought him for three hundred dollars. Aubrey-Jones flew to England and offered Mrs. de Pledge fifteen thousand dollars for Kin Kin. She refused. Aubrey Jones increased his offer in hundred-dollar stages until he'd reached thirty thousand dollars, his limit. When Mrs. de Pledge turned it down Aubrey Jones almost collapsed. For several days he was ill in his hotel.

A bitter contest of breeders

The primary object of Aubrey Jones and his partner in to build up a breeding stock of dogs and bitches that have scored the title of champion. A dog attains this rank after gaining ten points in a complex system of awards as shown. Some dogs become champions within twelve months of their debut. More often it takes a dog three or four years, and an imposing array of hundred shows or more to win championship rank.

Entry fees at an average of five dollars a show, plus traveling expenses, feeding, housing, and fees when narrans charges and many other items, raise the investment in a champion to between a thousand and two thousand dollars. Most champions recover their owners investment after earning around $5,000 in ribbon fees professional or semi-professional breeders whose thoughts are on profits.

The show competes with the pet shop as a marketplace and generally offers better stock. More and more prospective purebred buyers are visiting shows seeking companionship and buying dogs direct from the kennels.

In Canada most shows are organized for charity by service clubs or for profit by local kennel clubs affiliated with the Canadian Kennel Club. In order to draw a large number of entries the organizers of the show must attract a star. And the star of the modern dog show is the judge.

At Canada's most fashionable dog show, the Canadian Save The Children Fund Show, held in June on the grounds of Ashbury College, Ottawa, the judge this year was Alva Rosenberg, a New Yorker who receives between two hundred and fifty and three hundred and fifty dollars a day. By studying dogs and handling their bodies he assessed how well they approximated the Standards of Perfection laid down by the various national kennel clubs.

Rosenberg judged dogs in six groups: Sporting Dogs, Sporting Dogs (Hounds), Working Dogs, Terriers, Toys and Non Sporting. The biggest prizes and the championship points went to Best of Breed, Best in Group and Best in Show.

Many of the men and women running dogs about the ring in the hope of gaining championship points were professional handlers who travel like troupers around North America and European shows exhibiting for breeders who haven't time to attend themselves. There are four or four dog people—breeders, handlers and judges—but woman. But some of the most successful are men. Typical of them is A. M. Fitzgerald, a burly man who a few years ago gave up teaching mechanical engineering at the University of Toronto to enter the dog game. Fitzgerald usually handles six to twelve dogs. He charges the owners a twenty-five dollars a day per dog, and three dollars a day board. In addition Fitzgerald receives a bonus of twenty-five dollars for Best in Breed, fifty dollars for Best in Group and a hundred dollars for Best in Show. "I travel thousands of miles every year in a station wagon," he says. "I make my winter base in Florida and my summer base in Toronto."

Fitzgerald has what handlers call the touch. He can make a dog look spry in the ring and so gain the extra points that are awarded for animation. Some handlers use squeakers, whistles or rattles to alert a dog and brighten its eyes, but Fitzgerald scorns these aids. "I just talk to the dogs," he says quietly and unobtrusively."

Many handlers spend five or six hours grooming dogs before they enter the ring. On long-haired dogs they use baby powder to add lustre to the coat and woman's setting lotion to keep the coat in place in the ring. The handlers constantly pull up the dog's head by a short chain, give its stomach a little to make its back look straighter and arrange its hind legs so that it adopts the classic stance of the breed.

At the judging ceremony they gait the dog, or first walk it and then run it around the ring. Some adjoyce or nibble handlers puff heavily during this ceremony. But they don't complain. In fact they respond to the judge's directions with dutiful and engaging smiles for thousands of dollars may hang on his estimation of their dog.

"It has been known," says Nigel Aubrey Jones, "for handlers to send judges a case of whisky at Christmas. One judge is even suspected of having accepted a Cadillac. But good judges, of course, refuse these bribes."

At the Canadian Save The Children Fund Show last June a youngster strayed onto the field and distracted a number of purebreds that were engaged in an obedience test. Angry complaints were voiced by the handlers. Two small boys, suspected of having introduced the mutt as a joke, were sternly questioned. An official then seized the mongrel by the scruff of the neck and bundled it ancere ceremoniously through the collegiate gates. As it romped merry gumming, waggling and wagging its tail, a number of purebreds watched it intently and I think a little wistfully. ★



MACLEAN'S

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 13, 1960

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Reining correspondent Baxim. Now he'll have time to write his book.

A man you should have met and two you'll get to know

U.S. Report by Ian Sclanders on page 7 is in the space where Beverley Baxim's London Letter has appeared for 25 years, but will not appear again. Baxim in July 30 column was his last. So much the better." we now almost hear the Baxim banter continuing. They are a lofty, ingly lobby — precisely in the they should be. Baxim in his own man and has always spoken his own mind. What he has had to say has earned him the interested respect of many admirers, we think it's fair to say than any other columnist who has written for Canadians — and more interesting dispatches than most writers can command among their assets.

For both names we have a regret. Like those of not Baxter's columns have spoken knowledgeably and intimately on an extraordinary variety of subjects because Baxim himself is accomplished in an extraordinary variety of callings. His political columns have been written by a sitting MP, his theatre columns by a playwright and music and columns on journalism by a former editor of the Daily Express and the Sunday Express, his columns on the renowned by a knight of the realm.

But none of those columns (and this in our regret) has given his readers a chance to know the Baxter we like to dwell on best. This is a ruddy skinned man who spends solidly planted speaking quietly in the middle of a gathering of London veined men, while the others drift from the corners of the room and gather within earshot. Their steering the talk by wit instead of talman shifting from anecdote to analysis to comedy, Baxim and engrossing, spends the happiest hours of the many Baxims, the one we wish all his readers could have known.

Now in his seventieth year, Baxter will begin telling the two-volume autobiography he has been planning for half a lifetime. The work will have him busy happily for us, to write articles for Maclean's now and then. But his regular London Letter will be replaced by an Overseas Report that will alternate from issue to issue with a report from the U.S.

Two senior Maclean's editors, Leslie Hannon and Ian Sclanders, have established new business to London and Washington. This assignments in 1960 run in contrast to the assignment Beverley Baxter took in 1935. Their dateline will be on the move across Europe and the U.S. as they report back to Canada, in articles and columns on the people and shaping situations abroad that matter to Canadians here. The first article in this new dimension of Maclean's coverage is the U.S. talking itself into hot war, by Ian Sclanders appeared in the July 30 issue. More will follow soon.





Overseas editor Hannon (left) and U.S. editor Sclanders. This arrangement is to report on the situations abroad that matter to Canadians.



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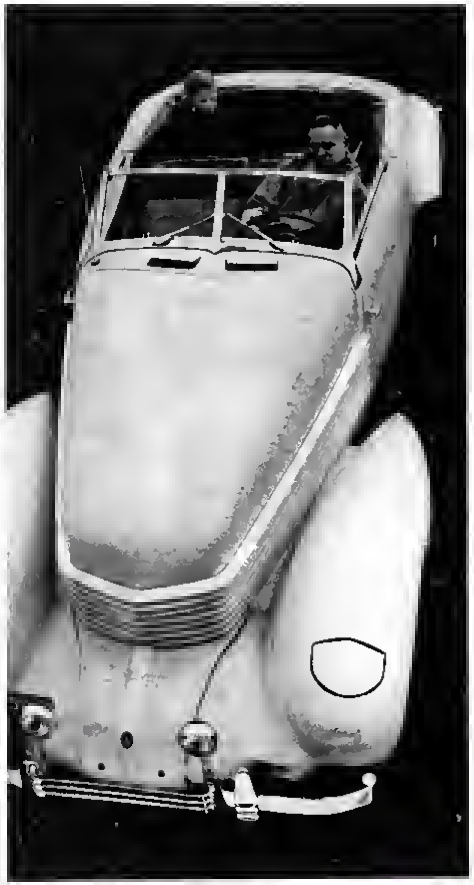


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Parade

The infant navigator

Every summer members of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club have a cruise party for crippled children. One boat returned from the outing to tie up at its assigned place last out along a float and a debarking five-year-old was asked if he needed any help finding his way back to shore. "No thank you," he answered confidently. "This morning I dropped bits of Kleenex so I could find my way home again." It had been a still day and sunny enough the kneel and could still there to lead him back up the ramp to the dock.

* * *

That good old Toronto spirit rose to the test when fog socked in Malton airport and a Vancouver plane, after being rerouted all over the map, finally showed up at 4 a.m. to match everybody napping — including the ground transportation people. Not a bus or a cab in sight. Two Western arrivals were feeling chimpy, grumpy and annoyed, and said so, with which the airport commissionaire turned on them with "Why you people aren't even supposed to be here!"

* * *

Some of Nova Scotia's liquor stores have electric signs that flash helpful hints to customers, such as "Employees cannot accept tips ... Please count your change." * * *

The manager of a large Jimmy grocery outlet in Toronto lets his staff buy at cost or less any dented food that has become dented. He used to think it, until Emma



ing early from lunch one day he found two clerks tossing to see what they would have that night for dinner. Instead of coins they were tossing cans of tuna to see what got dented first, chunk chili con carne or chicken a la king.

* * *

From a sailor somewhere far at sea aboard the SS Glenmore, an Ottawa florist received a cabled order for a dozen roses for the sailor's girl and an accompanying message: "Will you marry me all my love Jack." Well sir, that florist could hardly nominate his maternity wondering if she'd answered yes or no, but after weeks of reading the local papers he was finally rewarded by an engagement announcement that told him the happy ending.

How large a bachelor apartment would you expect to be able to rent in Quebec City for $50 a month? We don't know but we feel there's a clue to a recent Chronicle-Telegraph classified ad that concludes: "Highly suitable for person



who travels frequently requiring small, quiet and restful haven. Persons suffering from claustrophobia need not apply."

* * *

The official price for a haircut in Toronto is supposed to be a dollar and a quarter, but the rate isn't universal, as witness the superior sign in a Dundas Street barber shop: "We repair seventy five-cent haircuts."

* * *

A retired gentleman who lives alone in an apartment in Oshawa, Ont., has figured out a speedy way to defrost his refrigerator. He simply heats up his electric knife, pops it inside, thaws the door and in no time the ice is all melted. He had to call a repair man though, after the steaming knife also melted the plastic enclosing the freezer compartment.

* * *

Sign at the entrance of a tourist camp near Sandridge, Ont.: "Enjoy your stay, leave here."

* * *

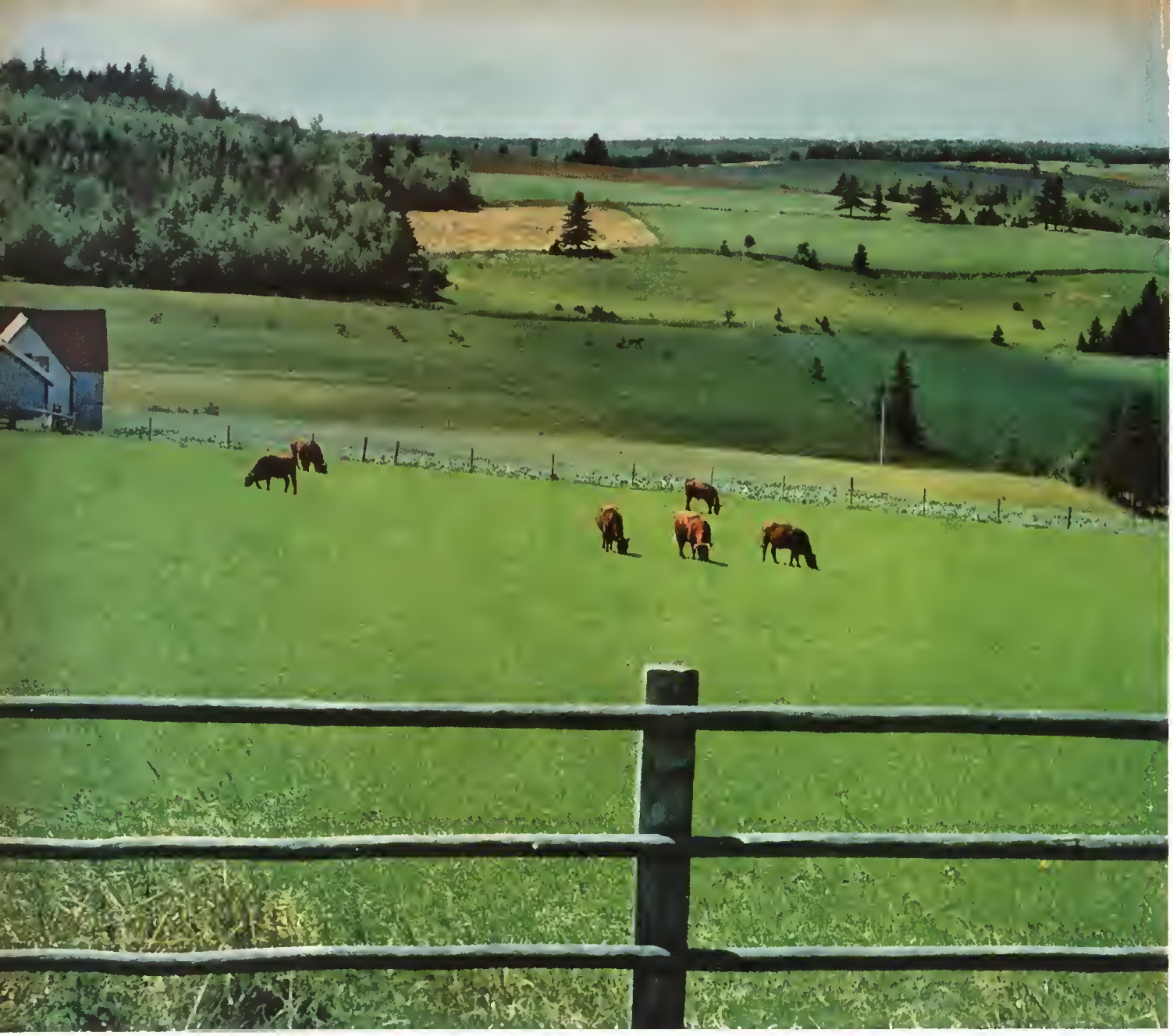
A Timmins, Ont., man visiting Cochrane joined two companions for lunch in a local open kitchen but they just laughed when he said he was in a hurry and told him he'd be lucky to get served in under an hour. The waitress, left alone with her customers and annoyance firmly: "Anyone in a hurry for his food can just drop dead." Four of the civilian customers got mad and left, and that upended things up a bit. One Canadian spy got his meal in just under three quarters of an hour.

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